

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 856.

SATURDAY, MAY 31st, 1913.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½d.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



VAL L'ESTRANGE.

LADY MARY DAWSON.

135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE ENGLAND OF JOHN BRIGHT.

IN another part of the paper a review appears of the very interesting life of John Bright which Mr. Trevelyan has written. Apart from the merits of the book, the imagination is stirred by thinking of the curious revolution that opinion has undergone since "the tribune of the people" was in his zenith. Our reviewer, indeed, likens the Great Britain of that period to a great vessel executing a complicated manœuvre. But though that is of the essence of the matter, it is not the whole of it. When John Bright arrived at maturity England was still suffering the evil consequences of a long war, and only beginning to harvest its fruit. Englishmen for the time being appear to us now to have been extremely well satisfied with themselves. During all the Peninsular troubles we had more than held our own, and in the end the conqueror of Europe had to yield before the Duke of Wellington. Peace was established, and the men of the Victorian Era seemed to think that it would endure for ever. Britain was paramount among nations, and they were never tired of extolling its progress,

its civilisation, its humanity, its lead in every direction. Liberalism prevailed; because, external affairs being settled, it was an appropriate time to adjust domestic relations. There were, undoubtedly, many serious grievances to be removed. The electoral system, which had scarcely made a pretence of being representative until the passing of Lord Grey's Reform Act, was still a trouble to politicians in the sixties. Indeed, the various administrations that followed one another during this period each regarded this as a crucial point. Lord John Russell and Benjamin Disraeli were like rival bidders in an auction-room. In foreign politics the bugbear was Russia, and it is curious to read now of the sedulous attention which politicians of every shade paid to what was called the Eastern Question. One wonders what Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Beaconsfield would think if in the grave they had consciousness of the form it has assumed in our time and the solution that has been found for it by the Balkan States.

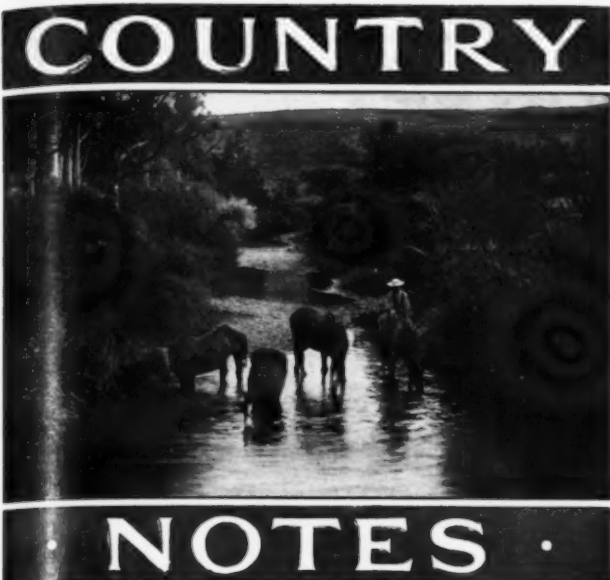
To read the political speeches of the time is to enter it to an atmosphere very strange to us nowadays. The outcry was for peace, retrenchment and reform. Education was not a theme that the ordinary politician cared much to touch upon. It was commonly believed that it had no interest for the crowd. The twentieth century prodigality in money spending was as yet far off. Neither the nation nor the municipality had conceived of those wants which we now consider so essential. In the sixties the villages were still ravaged periodically by epidemics. At the cottage door the house refuse accumulated on a "midden" which must have been a common source of disease. Whereas to-day it is very rare indeed to see a face disfigured with the smallpox, that terrible malady has made its mark on a very considerable proportion of the faces of both sexes, and, moreover, had claimed many victims. The population, besides being exposed to more disease, was more familiar with the pangs of hunger than are their successors. Agriculture, ever subject to the vicissitudes of the weather, sometimes yielded a good return and sometimes a bad, with the result that plenty and want alternated with one another. The farmer's returns were fairly equalised, because in a scarce year he made up by high prices what he lost in quantity.

The inroad of Colonial and foreign produce had not yet begun seriously. That was a result partly of the extremely inclement season and bad harvest of 1879, followed as it was by two or three bad years in succession and the development of the iron ship. Nowadays it is difficult to imagine how we did without the vast quantities of chilled and tinned meat which are now consumed. The abundance produced by better shipping regulations was good for the consumer, bad for the producer. For a time after 1879 the land question passed almost out of sight. The country was almost lulled into forgetfulness of the bitterness towards the landed interest which Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden fanned into a blaze. It was found impossible to execute the State manœuvre of changing from an agricultural into an industrial country without engendering friction. And the income of the average individual being so much less than it is now, taxes were paid with more of a murmur. Gladstone was just coming to the zenith of his power, and, of course, his contribution to national progress lay in his rearrangement of taxation, so that it could be paid without being felt. If we read the *Saturday Review* of the sixties, we shall find an expression of the bitterness generated by the attack of Bright and the other reformers. The fact was that the ancient type of country gentleman was being naturally extinguished. He could remain as he was only as long as he was confined to his country house and the narrow interests of his sport and estate; but as the scope of his activity widened, so did his sympathies. It is a curious comment upon much talk of the land going on now that the richest landowners at the present moment are not those who depend for their income on the land. They have had property or investments of another kind and have grown rich through them. The land, as a matter of fact, yields one of the lightest of all returns.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Mary Dawson, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, whose marriage to the Hon. George Crichton, second son of the Earl and Countess of Erne, is announced to take place on June 12th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such request is received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NEXT week we hope to have once more the pleasure of placing before our readers a special Summer Number. Without overpassing the bounds of modesty, it may be permissible for us to express a belief that they will find it to their liking. A more cosmopolitan number it would be difficult to imagine. As time goes on it is very evident that COUNTRY LIFE becomes more and more prized in distant parts of the earth, probably because those who are far away find it refreshing to see pictures and read descriptions of the men and beasts and gardens and flowers, the birds and nests, the waves and waters of the Old Country. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that from the most distant parts of the world not only correspondence, but interesting contributions, flow to us in an increasing stream, with the result that this number gives a taste of rural life in every part of the world. We have Mr. Dugmore photographing caribou during their love-making season in Newfoundland as well as Dr. Ward carrying on his most fascinating experiments, this time with cormorants, in Norfolk; and if there is a full study of cormorants on the East Coast of England, it is delightfully supplemented by a picture in our Correspondence columns of trained cormorants fishing in Japanese Waters.

The Continent of Europe supplies us with much interesting matter. There is an account of the famous cheese market at Alkmaar in Holland, which brings before us the almost mediæval life of that picturesque town and its waterways. From Holy Island, of whose romantic history there is given an account in connection with Lindisfarne Castle, we jump to Spain and the breeding and training of bulls for the arena—the writer not being concerned with the actual fighting, but with what is, practically speaking, the formation of a special breed of cattle. The curious pictures in which Jean Miélot painted incidents in classical mythology but kept to the dress and furniture of his own day, have gained in value by lapse of time. Paris in doublet and hose awarding the apple to Venus is a gem of the period. From this bizarre mixture of antique and mediæval we go to tent life in Lapland—a very remarkable bit of open-airism. When we add that there are important contributions from New Zealand and India, it will be seen that the description of the number as cosmopolitan is no idle boast or exaggeration.

Our sporting readers will be glad to learn that the entry for the exhibition of the heads of British deer, to be opened in the Rooms of the Royal Water Colour Society on June 26th, is most satisfactory. The show will be as successful and complete as it possibly could be, since with scarcely an exception all the heads of mark have been promised. There are altogether one hundred and eighty entries. Of these, one hundred and twenty are heads of Scottish wild red deer, twelve are of park heads, ten of English wild red deer, principally from Exmoor, and five are Irish red deer. The heads of nine fallow deer are to be shown, and some of them possess an interest peculiar to themselves, particularly the representatives of the deer of Epping Forest and the New Forest. There will be twenty heads of roe deer, among them being the most celebrated trophies of this description. Finally, there are seven New Zealand heads of a most interesting description, since they were born of descendants of deer imported from Great Britain. In all this we are taking account only of those heads which are

remarkable for their measurements or for some other reason; others are being offered daily, but as our wall space is limited, it is necessary to make a very high standard.

A most significant paragraph appears in the papers about the state of agricultural labour in Cumberland. It seems that there was a great scarcity of men at the Whitsuntide hirings, and now the farms are short of hands. The farmers, it is said, are trying to meet the difficulty by ploughing less and thereby saving labour; but common-sense suggests that this is very unlikely to take place. At the present moment the prices of farm produce are increasing at a rate that may be satisfactory to the cultivator, but is by no means so to the consumer. That being the case, it may be taken for granted that the farmer will find a way to get from his land the goods that are in demand. This may necessitate a considerable rise in wages, but that contingency will be cheerfully faced if there is a good prospect of better profit out of which to pay it. It is the natural consequence of the rural exodus—that phrase being held to include both migration to town and emigration to Colonies and foreign countries.

Other explanations are given, but this is the main one, although the subordinate reasons cannot be held to be unimportant. One of these is a dearth of cottage accommodation. Some of the married men are unable to live with their families because there is not room, while on many farms the custom still prevails of the unmarried lads being boarded at the farmhouse. The way out of this difficulty is also plain. The farmer must insist upon his holding being as adequately equipped with cottages as it is with byres and stables. As soon as it is understood that a farm is not lettable unless furnished in this way, cottages will be forthcoming. The tenant on his part ought to be very glad to pay a reasonable interest, say five per cent., on the capital outlay for building cottages. The farmer's recent experience must teach him the value of having an adequate supply of labour at hand. The man who has to walk miles to his work is never so fresh and active as the man on the spot.

In this connection a letter from Mr. David Lamb, Emigration Commissioner for the Salvation Army, is worth consideration. The organisation to which he belongs has sent between seventy and eighty thousand people from the Old Country to the distant parts of the Empire, and it is interesting to know that this official attributes the present rush to the success of those who have gone out during the last five years. Of course, those at home are continually hearing about the wages and savings of such as have gone out to Canada or some other of the King's Dominions. It appears that in times of good trade there is a great deal of voluntary emigration; in times of bad trade there is a great deal of emigration which is more or less forced. But Mr. Lamb holds that the removal of so many people from the Mother Country has not yet reached the point of being disastrous. Many go from one-roomed or otherwise overcrowded cottages, and there is a freer air in which those who are left at home can breathe. In regard to agricultural labour, it is, as we have said in our previous note, inevitable that the attraction of mine, industry or Colonial land must, by a law as certain as mathematics, lead eventually to a bettering of the conditions of those who remain at home.

TO LIFE.

This is the last request

Of those who heard the voices in the night;

Of those who saw the vision on the height,

Only to watch it fading from their sight;

Grant us no second best.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Commander Evans, in his fascinating lecture on the Scott Expedition, mentioned that the three weakest ponies were named Blucher, Blossom and James Pigg; whereupon one enterprising journal asked who was James Pigg. Shades of John Jorrocks! Is not "Handley Cross" read by the present generation? Scarcely less of a character in his way than his Master was the first huntsman of the Handley Cross pack, under the immortal charge of Jorrocks. "He was a tall, spindle-shanked man, inclining to bald, with flowing grey-streaken locks shading a sharp-featured, weather-beaten face, lit up with bright hazel eyes. A drop hung at his nose, and tobacco juice simmered down the deeply indented furrows of his chin. His dress was a strange mixture of smart-coloured misfitting clothes. . . . His shrunk drab mother-of-pearl-buttoned gaiters dragged upon an ill-shaped leg, making his stooping, lathy figure more ungainly and the scantiness of his upper garments more apparent." This was Pigg as he first challenged the Master's scrutiny, and he came from "Canny

newcassel," which Jorrocks thought must be somewhere in Scotland. The gallant Oates, model of an English gentleman, who had charge of the Antarctic ponies, must have known his "Handley Cross" well.

Of the many pests with which the gardener has to contend, few are more insidious and destructive than the common slug. Lurking in every inaccessible place, this pest usually escapes unnoticed during the daytime, and it is only when considerable havoc has been wrought that its presence in large numbers is suspected. This spring it has been much more destructive than usual, although the dry weather of the past week has to some extent put a check on its depredations. Its chief attraction in the kitchen garden has been the seedling cauliflowers, and in a number of instances that have come under our observation these have been completely cleared, while the coarser cabbages and brussels sprouts seedlings have remained untouched. So serious have the losses been that there is likely to be a shortage of cauliflowers during the coming summer and autumn. No doubt the mild winter, followed by a damp and warm spring, has had much to do with the rapid increase that has undoubtedly taken place among the slugs. As a remedy nothing beats trapping the pest, and several effective traps are now on the market.

Lovers of good literature will read with special interest Mr. Algernon Blackwood's review of Mrs. Gurney's "Poems," which will be found in another part of the paper. To be frank, it was not without trepidation that we broke the envelope in which it was sent. On our part, it is an experiment to publish a book of verses, and, naturally, some doubt was felt as to the result. The book went to Mr. Algernon Blackwood to review, chiefly because he unites in his person very fine taste with absolute independence of judgment. Living, as he does, the greater part of his time in remoteness and almost solitude, he retains the freshness of mind and fineness of perception that are so easily blunted in the life of the professional critic. That is what gives his verdict so much importance. If he likes the verses—and the spontaneous, heartfelt expression of his views leaves no doubt of it—they are bound to appeal to the "fit though few." And the unlaboured charm of his own little paper is something to feel for its own sake.

Those who are anxious about the welfare of the people as a whole and have no regard for little party advantages, either of one kind or another, will welcome the announcement made by Mr. Asquith, that the National Insurance Act is to be amended. It should not be forgotten that both political parties are committed to the principle of the measure. Indeed, on its first appearance it received the blessing of everybody and the ban of none. Equally certain is it that in operation it has been found to bear adversely on some sections of the population and too favourably on others. Thus, sane and sensible criticism has been justified, and the Prime Minister is taking a manly as well as a wise course in acknowledging the defects of his nursing and taking the proper measures to amend them. We hope that the most capable and influential members of the Opposition will use their abilities, not so much to wring a party advantage out of this concession as to see that the amendments are of a character to impart real improvement to the Act—in a word, to make it into a really good measure.

As usual, the first day of the competition in the Amateur Golf Championship resembled a stricken field, in so far as it threw many of the heroes out of action. Among those who fell, the most important was the champion of last year, Mr. John Ball. He did not surrender before giving a resolute and stubborn display of golf under difficulties. For a week or more he has been in the doctors' hands, owing to a collision with a motor-car which occurred when he was starting from Liverpool for the field of battle. The doctors recommended him to give up the contest, but with characteristic pertinacity he resolved to have a try, lame as he was. Tuesday's play brought forth its usual crop of surprises. The contest between Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. Abe Mitchell was literally a battle of giants, and it was sad that the victor, Mr. Blackwell, had to succumb to Mr. H. D. Gillies in the third round. This was also a most strenuous fight, that was decided only on the nineteenth green and in the shadow of evening. A regrettable but unavoidable incident of the same round was that Mr. Michael Scott, after winning his match, had to be disqualified for starting late.

Lord Avebury, who passed away full of years and full of honour at Ramsgate on Wednesday last, will be commemorated as long as bank holidays are observed in Great Britain. Sir

John Lubbock's name was so intimately and honourably associated with the movement that it was a pity in one sense to have changed it. He was the most versatile man of his age. At one and the same time he was a sound banker, a zoologist whose studies of insect life became classical almost as soon as they were published, a student of antiquities and of modern politics, a writer on many themes, not one of which he failed to adorn. He lived up to the maxim that he laid down as essential to happiness: "Be fully occupied." Fortunately, his preoccupation was not exclusively centred in his own interests or culture. He had wide humanitarian views, which he translated into practical action. There are few people in the England of to-day who in one way or another are not the happier because Lord Avebury lived and performed with his might those tasks which came to his hand. He was a public benefactor in the widest and best sense of the term.

There has been a singular difference this year between the condition of the trout in the South of England and in the Scottish waters respectively, and the fortunes of the angler in the two districts have been equally diverse. In England, no former spring is remembered in which trout have come into such fine condition so early. In Scotland, on the contrary, the season is late. Mr. Malloch's report of the famous Loch Leven fishing shows it to be remarkably long-deferred, and the lateness of fish in rising freely to the fly is ascribed to the big water that the abnormal rains have brought into every loch and river. With the water thick, and abundantly supplied with food in its depths, it is not to be expected that fish would rise to the surface to look for flies which they can hardly see; but nevertheless, the plentiful food supply in the water is a means to their coming into good condition, and perhaps the aggregate of the sport in Scotland will be all the better for not beginning too early.

A MESSAGE OF SPRING.

His hair was long, his face was lean
And there was something in his mien
That seemed to speak of Golder's Green.

As in the Park I saw him sit
I thought "What bodes this musing fit?
What picture will he draw from it?"

"Or is he moved to poesy
That o'er the sheet upon his knee
A pencil moves so flowingly."

When lo! the wind on mischief bent,
Before he guessed of its intent,
The sheet from out his hand has rent,

And lays it gently down by me
That its bold message I may see,
"SLUG TRAPS A SPRING NECESSITY"
(Our List on Application Free).

HESTER I. RADFORD.

No more difficult problem is raised by the general adoption of mechanically drawn vehicles than the preservation of our ancient and beautiful bridges. Reason says that our highways, including the bridges on them, must be adapted to the traffic of the time. We cannot march backwards. Yet equally incontrovertible is the argument, so clearly set forth in another column by Mr. E. V. Lucas, that Stopham Bridge is, in the words of the old monkish scribe, "a treasure without deceit." His protest will, we are confident, meet with general approbation, and the county authorities of Sussex will probably themselves see its force. In case they do not, every legitimate effort should be made to bring them to a recognition of the duty they owe as guardians of this national property. At Goring a difficulty of a kindred nature has arisen. There the proposal is not to destroy the beautiful old bridge, but to erect beside it one of cement and iron that will be able to bear the heavy traffic. No doubt this will be a convenience; but our experience at Sonning takes away all confidence in the result. There the county authorities removed the beautiful old wooden bridge, although there was an offer to rebuild it at an outlay of £2,000, and the bridge with which they replaced it is one of the most hideous on the Thames. To have its twin brother erected at Goring would be to aim a deadly blow at the quiet beauty of one of the loveliest portions of the Thames.

At the Bath and West Agricultural Show, which was opened at Truro on Wednesday, the most important contest was that for the two silver cups offered by the Prince of Wales for the best bull and cow in the show. Representatives of ten

different breeds contended for the honour, and there were as many judges. There were left in the ring at the end Mr. Butter's Hereford, Sir G. Cooper's Aberdeen Angus, and Mr. Stratton's shorthorn. The winning bull was found in the Hereford;

and the best cow was adjudged to be Mr. Alford's Devon. As is usual with this exhibition, the Channel Islands cattle and sheep classes were very good indeed; but the representation of horses, particularly Shires, was not very large.

NIAGARA.

NIAGARA has been described a thousand times. Dickens did it in masterly fashion. "The first effect," he says, in the course of an eloquent passage, "and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace." Other writers, visiting this celebrated pilgrimage-place at later dates, when hotels and refreshment-rooms had already begun to

batten upon its fame, have brought away recollections far from peaceful. The Falls, they declare, are spoilt, defiled, not only by the catering for trippers and honeymooners, but by the electric power houses and factories which have grown up around the gorge. Whether these severely utilitarian, but none the less interesting, erections are a defilement or not is debatable; one thing is certain, Niagara can never be "spoilt." It is one of the two or three supremely majestic natural wonders of the world, one of the few show-sights which must always justify their reputation. Perch a cheap eating-house on the very brim of the Falls, and the Falls would remain magnificent. Probably the eating-house, veiled in drifting spray, overhung by frail rainbows and shaken by the thunder of the cataract, would have its banality turned into some strange effect of subtle loveliness. Even if its ugliness were unassailable, it could not, by its presence, make the Falls ugly. A short distance below the Falls an iron bridge leaps the gulf from America to Canada. For myself, I happen to think the bridge an object exhibiting real beauty, in its curve and in its pattern; but apart from such personal prejudices, no one can deny that the Falls, weaving a tremulous gauze of vapour athwart the rigid spider's web of metal, do indeed beautify it and throw round its arch a glamour which it would otherwise lack. Even the much-abused power-houses down the gorge are not unpictorial in certain lights. They rise against the sky on the cliff summit like fantastic modern renderings of mediaeval fortresses—or barons' *Burges* on the Rhine: capitalistic robbers' castles, as maybe some indignant critics would name them, enthroned to plunder both Nature and man.

Nobody, I conceive, can screw up much admiration for the trippery and parasitic portion of the town of Niagara Falls itself. The odour of its too blatantly hospitable restaurants,

greeting the newcomer on his emergence from the railway station exit, the rag-time of its gramophones and other musical entertainments, are abominable; but these offences are kept at a proper distance by the park reservation which surrounds the actual waterfall. On the platform which overhangs the American fall one can be alone; and, indeed, I imagine that the most sociable soul would here desire solitude. For, without



Ward Muir.

BELOW THE AMERICAN FALL.

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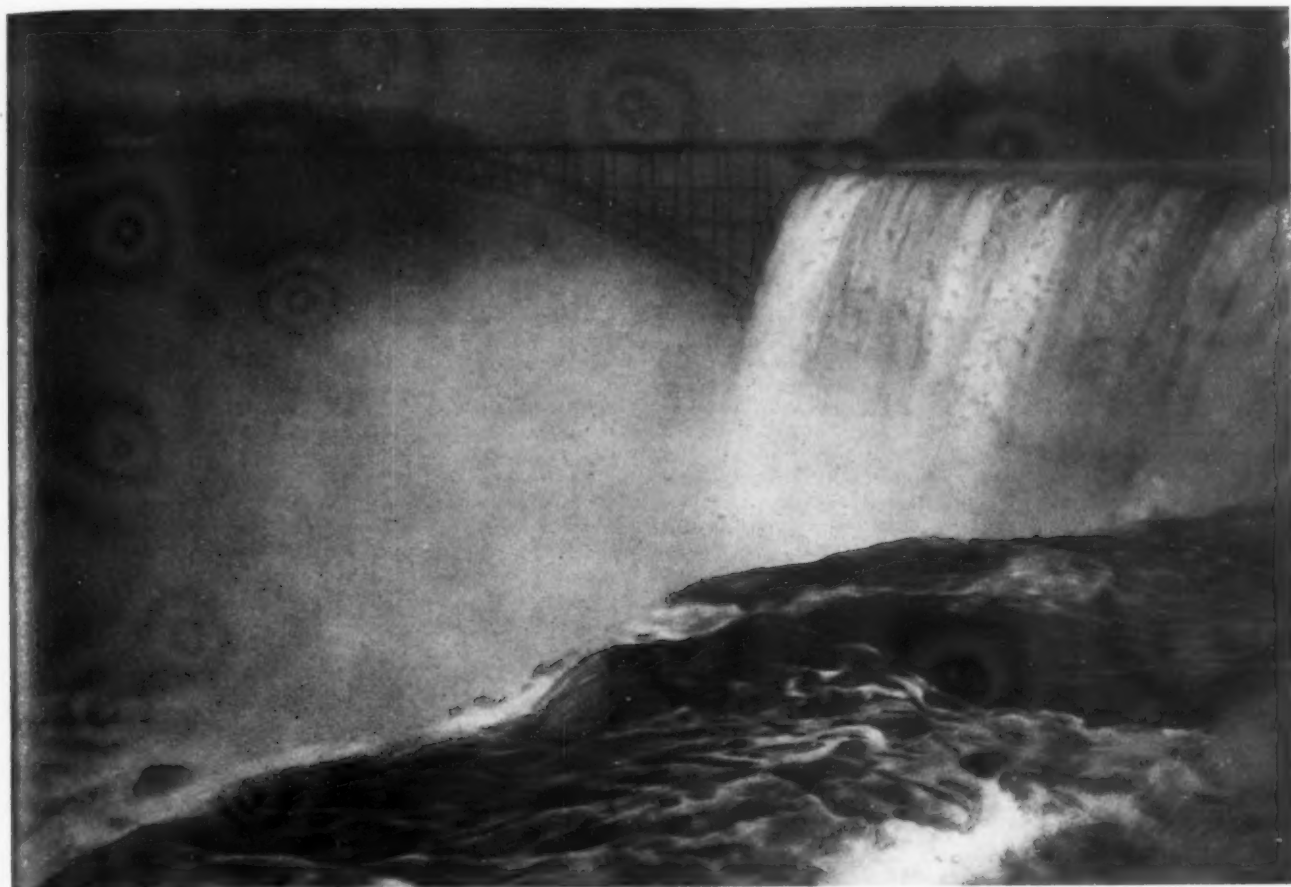
*H. J. Bury.*

POWER.

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SPRAY CLOUDS.

Copyright.



Ward Muir.

RUSHING TO THE BRINK.

Copyright.

wishing to indulge in any false rhetoric, one cannot but describe this spot, with all due reverence, as a place of worship. The view which the eye encounters is overwhelmingly impressive, and the roar which beats upon the ear contributes superbly to that impressiveness. Outspread before the spectator is the sumptuous panorama of crashing liquid, flinging itself in a kind of agony of struggle to the brink, and then—by contrast, almost serenely—sinking, sheet upon sheet, down the drop into a cauldron whose depths are concealed by veering, billowing steam.

It is a commonplace to assert that one can stand for hours upon this railed platform, hypnotised by the interminable tumbling of the water. There are other view-points, from which the Canadian Horseshoe Fall and the smaller Central Fall, between Luna and Goat Islands, may be better surveyed; but it is to this little platform on the verge of the American Fall that one most often returns, for it was here that one received the first thrill, the first memorable revelation of Niagara's grandeur. The top of the Fall is but a yard or two from one's feet, and, by some odd illusion, the monstrous, shifting façade formed, as it were, of ropes of twisted glass, has the appearance of descending slowly; it looks, rather, as though it were being lowered by some unseen and cautious force; and parts of it, at the margins, seem to flutter through the air. And, though incessantly in a state of motion, it is curiously fixed and dead. There is activity, irresistible power, immense restlessness, but no quality of life. Death broods above the wildly echoing pit, and when, through



Ward Muir.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE GORGE.

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its drifting fog, one catches a glimpse of the jagged rocks below, dripping wet and black, one feels a sense not only of death but of cruelty. For Niagara, with all its beauty, is terrible. Its terror is in its sheer hugeness. One cannot wonder that its worshipper is sometimes seized by an insane impulse to sacrifice himself, to fling his body into that mysterious and dreadful abyss. The temptation is perceptible even in the midst of one's admiration, and the present writer is not ashamed to own that he detected it. And then, lifting up his eyes, he saw a black speck, dipping and jerking across through the mist, out above the maelstrom. A sparrow!

A common sparrow! Weakly it wings its erratic flight over the tempestuous foam, close to the sliding, glossy wave which marks the edge of the precipice. An insult to the stately Niagara! A bird, one of the smallest of birds, an ounce or two in weight, flirts athwart the gulf of all the horrors!

Ridiculous! Yet that sparrow helped at least one impressionable observer to get the proper perspective of Niagara; and he ceased to meditate turgidly upon death and destruction, began even to wonder whether the fare at those restaurants was quite so repulsive as he had been priggish enough to apprehend.

WARD MUIR.

THE NATURALIST AT THE SEASHORE.

I.—CRABS AND THEIR ALLIES.

By G. A. AND E. G. BOULENGER.

NO group of crustaceans arouses more the interest of the seaside visitor than the different kinds of crabs. The Brachyura, or "short tails," as the crabs are called, show a striking contrast to the Macrura, or "long tails," like the lobster. The carapace is flattened and broad, the eyes are sunk in the orbits, the abdomen, popularly but erroneously regarded as the tail, is reduced in length, without expanded tail-flap, and permanently flexed, while the appendages of this region of the body are considerably modified. The most common with us is the shore crab (*Carcinus mœnas*), and it is also the most conspicuous, as it has the power of remaining for a considerable time out of water and is seen running at low tide on the sand or on the mud-flats of estuaries. It is dark green above, reddish below in adult specimens, green, mottled with white and black, in the young. The carapace, or shield protecting the body, is slightly broader than long, with the margin deeply toothed in front. Much eaten by the poorer people, on the coast, it does not often find its way to the London market. The edible crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is the most esteemed for the table, occasionally measuring as much as eleven inches in width, and weighing up to twelve pounds. The carapace is much broader than long, with smooth anterior margin, pale reddish-brown above, sometimes with a purplish tinge, and the big claws are tipped with black. The edible crab is far more aquatic than the shore crab, and soon dies when removed from the water. The adults are only found at some distance from the shore, but young specimens are occasionally met with nestling under stones in rock-pools. In such situations we may come across another crab which bears a strong resemblance to the shore crab in the shape of the carapace—the swimming crab (*Portunus puber*), readily distinguished by the shape of the last pair of legs, with the terminal joints flattened and paddle-shaped, for the purpose of swimming and digging in the sand.

In the three species considered so far the carapace is broad and truncates in front. In the spider crabs it is almost triangular, tapering anteriorly into a prominent rostrum. The spiny spider crab (*Maia squinado*) is commonly found in shallow water about tidal rocks. Next to the edible crab it is the largest of the British Brachyura, reaching a length of eight inches. The carapace is studded with spines and the rostrum is forked. This crab is usually overgrown with seaweeds and zoophytes, which render it highly inconspicuous in its natural surroundings. This growth is not entirely due to the sluggish habits of the crab, as formerly believed; it has been observed to deliberately insert the weeds on its dorsal surface, to the rugosities of which they readily adhere. The spiny spider-crab

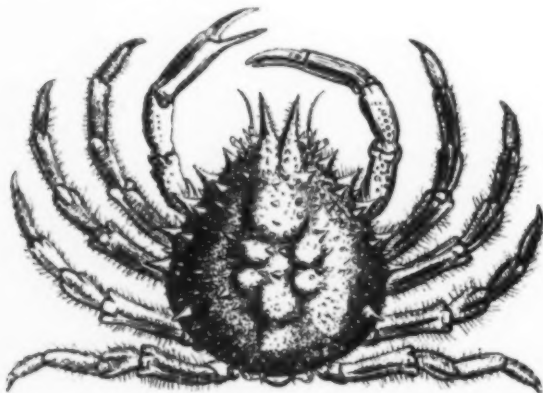
is only eaten by the poorer classes in England, but it finds a ready sale on the markets in the North of France. Several other spider-crabs occur more or less frequently on our coasts, and among these we may mention the scorpion spider-crab



1, SHORE CRAB; 2, EDIBLE CRAB; 3, SWIMMING CRAB.

(*Inachus dorsettensis*), similar to *Maia*, but much smaller and with a smooth carapace.

In crabs, as in nearly all Decapod (ten-footed) crustaceans, the eggs are carried by the mother, attached to the swimmerets on the ventral side of the abdomen, crabs in this condition being said by fishmongers to be "in berry." Since the abdomen of the Brachyura has ceased to assist in locomotion, this is its only function, and the organ is therefore much better developed in the female than in the male, in which it is very narrow and with the swimmerets much reduced in number. The majority of marine Decapods are not hatched from the egg in the form of the adult, but pass through a number of larval stages, which are of great interest as affording, in many cases, a clue to the ancestry of the different forms. These larvæ vary considerably according to the genera, but the following short account of the development of the common shore crab will give a general idea of the transformations to which a crustacean is subject in the course of its life. The young leaves the egg as a tiny transparent larva, just visible under a strong lens. From this



SPINOUS SPIDER CRAB (AFTER BELL).

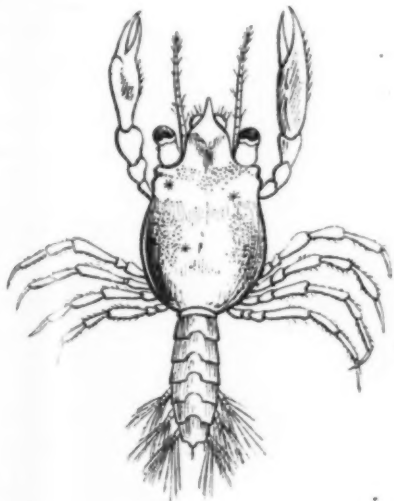
early stage the crustacean characters are already apparent, carapace and abdomen are well developed, but the eyes are sessile, not stalked or pedunculated, and the walking-legs and swimmerets are absent, locomotion being effected by the more anterior appendages which, later in life, function as mouth parts. This little larva, known as *Zoëa*, swims about the surface of the sea, feeding voraciously and undergoing a series of moults, in the course of which the hinder appendages of the carapace and abdomen gradually appear. Later on the eyes acquire stalks and the carapace broadens, the larva reaching the stage known as *Megalopa*, similar to a little crab, except for the abdomen, which is carried extended. In this last condition the larva swims actively for a little time, and then sinks to the bottom, where, after one more moult, the perfect form is attained. The crab is then about the size of a lentil, and grows larger and larger at each successive moult. This moulting or ecdysis is rendered necessary by the hard nature of the outer covering of the body and limbs, an armour, secreted by the skin, which, being incapable of increasing in size, must be cast off entire as the underlying soft tissues grow. The crab practically withdraws from its shell, body and limbs, and, seeking shelter, remains soft for some time until the skin again hardens. Considering the small calibre of the basal segment through which the fleshy parts of the enlarged claw of many crustaceans have



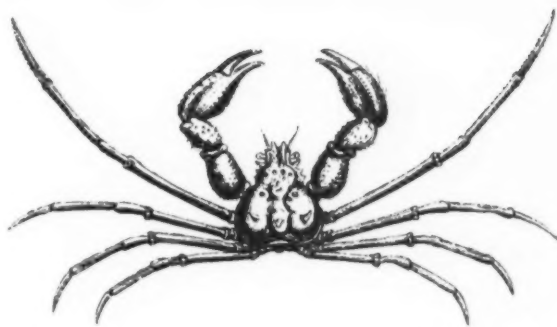
SPIDER-CRAB COVERED WITH WEEDS.

to pass in this moulting operation, the process seems wonderful, but is explained by the fact that, just before ecdysis, the water which swells the muscular part is withdrawn and causes the tissues to shrivel up to such an extent as to allow its being forced through a narrow opening. The parts of the limb are very much distorted immediately after their release, but they soon take up water and assume their natural form with a proportional increase in size.

The development of such a typical brachyurous form suggests that the crabs are derived from "long-tailed" ancestors, and, as a matter of fact, forms filling the gaps between the two extremes exist in Nature. Such intermediate types, which cannot find a place either among the *Macrura* or among the *Brachyura*, are assigned to a separate division, *Anomura* (irregular tails), the members of which differ widely from one another, some being suggestive of lobsters, others of crabs; yet all agree in having the abdomen modified to some extent, the essential characteristic being the reduction in size of the last pair of walking-legs. One very common representative of this group, the

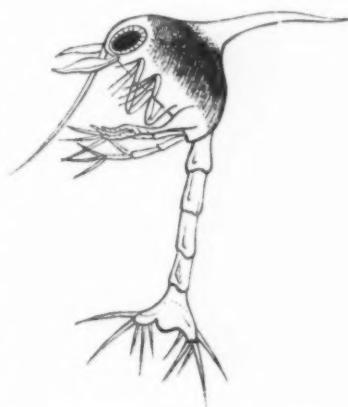


LARVA OF CARCINUS MOENAS (AFTER BELL).



SCORPION SPIDER-CRAB (AFTER BELL).

squat-lobster, *Galathea squamifera*, is often found under stones at low tide. It is about three inches long, of a dark greenish brown colour, and has somewhat the appearance of a little lobster, the carapace and abdomen being almost equally developed, the latter ending in a fan-like tail. Its position among the *Anomura* is indicated by the very small size of the last pair of legs and by the way in which the abdomen is carried bent below the carapace, although not fitting into a groove as in the *Brachyura*. Other forms of this group bear a strong resemblance to the true crabs. On lifting up stones on a rocky coast we cannot fail to come across the little creatures known as porcelain crabs (*Porcellana platycheles*), in which the appearance is absolutely brachyurous; yet, if the abdomen be spread out, it will be found to terminate in a tail-fan as in the *Macrura*, and the peculiar reduction of the fifth pair of legs is carried so far as to convey the impression, at first sight, that only three pairs of legs are present in addition to the large flattened pincers. The porcelain crab exhibits very well the phenomenon known as self-mutilation or autotomy, which is common to many crustaceans. When disturbed it takes up a quite pugnacious attitude, raising its pincers; if, however, one of these be seized, it is promptly cast off while the crab, thus released, makes its escape, and, in the course of time, regenerates the voluntarily amputated limb. When the limb of a crab is injured at some point it is cast off by a sudden jerk, to provide for its regeneration from the base, the tissues of which are conformed for the purpose.

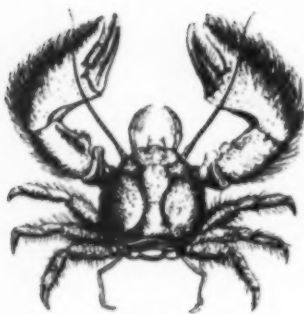


LARVA OF CARCINUS MOENAS (AFTER BELL).

The most interesting members of the *Anomura* are undoubtedly the hermit crabs, represented by several species on our coasts. *Eupagurus bernhardus* is the largest and commonest. The abdomen is imperfectly segmented and devoid of armour, thus necessitating protection, for which purpose the empty shell of a mollusc is selected. The appendages of the abdomen are in a reduced condition, and the last pair, instead of forming a tail-fin, is modified into a special organ which helps the animal to fasten itself to the deeper recess of



SCALY GALATHEA (AFTER BELL).



PORCELLANA PLATYCHELES
(AFTER BELL).

pools, select smaller shells, such as those of the wrinkle, the Trochus or the screw-shell.

Although the decapods include the more conspicuous forms, members of this division represent but a very small proportion of the crustaceans of our shores. The representatives of the less highly organised divisions are for the most part

the shell. The last two pairs of walking-legs are reduced, but the pincers are well developed and of unequal size, the right being the larger and serving as an operculum to cover the mouth of the shell when the hermit withdraws into his dwelling, as shown on the right hand of Fig. 9. *Eupagurus bernhardus* grows to a length of about five inches and, in the adult state, requires the shell of a whelk; younger specimens, such as are most frequently met with in rock-

the breeding season, the females carry their eggs in a kind of broad pouch below the carapace, a feature to which the popular English name is due. Like the little shrimp, hippolyte, previously mentioned, the opossum shrimp can make itself almost invisible by assimilating to the colour of its surroundings, passing from light grey to dark brown, or even black, within the space of less than half an hour. As in the decapods, the eyes of Mysis and its allies are stalked, the majority of the lower crustaceans having these organs sessile and almost flush with the surface of the head.

CLAY-BURNING IN SUSSEX.

SOME interesting experiments were carried out last year during the Coal Strike at Thakeham, Pulborough, in the use of the local clay as fuel. Crowning the top of a steep hill near the Sussex Downs, and over five miles from a station, Thakeham Village is badly placed even in ordinary times for obtaining coal, as the expense of carting it is very heavy,

and it was felt that the strike conditions in such a spot were particularly threatening. A resident of the place was, therefore, led to devote some days to studying the possibilities of the clay soil upon his property, and as a first step in the experiments an outhouse was fitted up for use as a miniature factory. A firm table was placed under the window with mallets and trowels, and some barrowloads of freshly dug soil were brought in from the field, carefully broken up, and worked together with an equal proportion of coal-dust and water till the whole was brought to a workable condition. A spadeful at a time being cut out of the mass and placed on the table, sufficient was taken by each worker to form a bar or briquette about eight inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick. The first operator would mould it roughly and pass it on to a second, who would bring it to an accurate size with the mallet and pierce two or three holes through it with a wooden pointer. The size named was finally fixed upon as the most convenient to make and to handle, and the addition of the holes through

each briquette was found to greatly facilitate the burning. Their usefulness as an economiser of coal greatly exceeded the expectations, as it was only thought at the outset that the clay would form the foundation of a fuel to which something of a more inflammable nature would be added.

Several models were accordingly made in which a cavity was shaped to hold a few drops of oil, and were sealed up again with a pellet of clay, preparatory to burning—but these were abandoned in favour of the simpler method. In actual use the briquettes were placed two or three at a time upon a good hot fire with a small amount of coal built around them, and a shatter of small slack over the whole. In this way they burnt with an intense glowing heat and effected a handsome saving in the coal consumption.

A gamekeeper's wife upon a Thakeham small holding, who took up the matter very keenly, became exceedingly expert in the use of the clay, and made some intensely hot fires with the addition of wood faggots, but without the aid of coal. Some publicity was given to these facts at the time by a Press notice describing the circumstances and manufacture, and some interest was aroused both locally and otherwise. Clay, as a soil, being widely distributed, owners of estates, and others, and those who may favour the idea of a local hand-made product for rural England, may find some practical consideration in these experiments, which were not only helpful under strike conditions, but were taken up and brought into use again throughout the past winter. Of course the clay itself does not burn, but it does ensure the slow combustion of whatever fuel may be mixed up with it or organic matter found with it.

W. J. N.



HERMIT CRABS.

of very small size and, therefore, escape attention from the more superficial observer. The crustaceans which come nearest to the decapods are those known as schizopoda, of which *Mysis flexuosa*, the

opossum shrimp, is a common representative, found in abundance in sandy pools at low tide. *Mysis* has the general appearance of a small shrimp, but is easily recognised by the number and structure of the appendages below the carapace; there are no walking-legs, their place being taken by seven pairs of biramous swimming legs. During



COMMON HERMIT CRAB (AFTER BELL).

NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary
Cholmondeley



CHAPTER XXVII.

TIME moves imperceptibly at Riff, as imperceptibly as the Reiben among its reeds. To Janey it seemed as if life stood stock still. Nevertheless, the slow wheel of the year was turning. The hay was long since in, standing in high ricks in the farmyards, or built up into stacks in lonely fields with a hurdle round them to keep off the cattle. The wheat and the clover had been reaped and carried. The fields were bare; waiting for the plough. It was the time of the harvest thanksgiving.

Janey had been at work ever since breakfast helping to decorate the church, together with Harry and Miss Black and her deaf friend, Miss Crowder, the secretary of the Plain Needlework Guild. Miss Crowder's secretarial duties apparently left her wide margins of leisure, which were always at the disposal of Miss Black.

Except for the somewhat uninspiring presence of Miss Black and Miss Crowder and her ear trumpet, it had all been exactly as it had been ever since Janey could remember.

As she stood by the Ringers' Arch it seemed to her as if she had seen it all a hundred times before; the children coming crowding round her, flaxen and ruddy, with their hot little posies tied with grass—the boys made as pretty posies as the girls—and Hesketh, "lame from the cradle," limping up the aisle with his little thatched stack under his arm, and Saylor with his loaf, and the farmers' wives bringing in their heavy baskets of apples and vegetables.

Sometimes there is great joy in coming home after long absence and finding all exactly as we left it, and as we have pictured it in memory. We resent the displacement of a chair or the lopping of one of the cedar's boughs, and we note the new toolshed with an alien eye. But it is not always joyful, nay, it can have an element of despair in it, to stay at home, and never go away and see the wheel of life slowly turn and turn, and re-turn, and yet again re-turn, always the same, yet taking every year part of our youth from us. The years must come which will take from us what we have. Yes; we know that. But life should surely give us something first before it begins to take away.

Janey was only five-and-twenty, and it seemed to her that already the plundering years had come. What little she had was being wrested from her. And an immense distaste and fatigue of life invaded her as she made her lily and maidenhair cross for the font. How often she had made it as she was making it now. Should she go on for ever till she was sixty making crosses for the font at harvest homes, and putting holly in the windows at Christmas, and "doing the reading desk" with primroses at Easter?

Harry working beside her, concocting little sheaves out of the great bundle of barley which Roger had sent in the night before, was blissfully happy. He held up each sheaf in turn, and she nodded surprise and approbation. It seemed to her that after all Harry had the best of the bargain, the hard bargain which life drives with some of us.

It was all as it had always been.

Soon after eleven, Miss Amy Blinkett, a little fluttered and self-conscious, appeared as usual, followed up the aisle by a wheelbarrow in which reposed an enormous vegetable marrow with "Trust in the Lord" emblazoned on it in red flannel letters. These "marrer texes," as the villagers called them, were in great request, not only in Riff but in the adjoining parishes; and it was not an uncommon thing for "Miss Amy's marrer" to be bespoken after it had served at Riff, for succeeding harvest homes in the neighbourhood. It had been evolved out of her inner consciousness in her romantic youth, and in the course of thirty years it had grown from a dazzling novelty to an important asset, and was now an institution. Even the lamentable Mr. Jones, who had "set himself against" so many Riff customs, had never set himself against "Miss Amy's marrer." And an admiring crowd always gathered round it after service to view it reclining on a bed of moss beneath the pulpit.

By common consent, Miss Amy had always been presented with the largest vegetable marrow that Riff could produce. But this year none adequate for the purpose could be found, and considerable anxiety had been felt on the subject. Mrs. Nicholls, who sat in the largest, had to own that even hers was only about fourteen inches long. "No bigger nor your foot" as she expressed it to Janey. Fortunately at the last moment Roger obtained one from Sweet Apple Tree about the size of a baby, larger than

any which had been produced in Riff for many years past. That Sweet Apple Tree could have had one of such majestic proportions when the Riff marrows had failed was not a source of unmixed congratulation to Riff. It was feared that the Sweet Apples "might get cocked up."

The suspense had in the meanwhile given Miss Amy a sharp attack of neuralgia, and the fact that the marrow really came up to time in the wheelbarrow was the result of dauntless and heroic efforts on her part. This splendid contribution was wheeled up the aisle, having paused near the font to receive Janey's tribute of admiration, and then a few minutes later, to her amazement, she saw it being wheeled down again, Miss Amy walking very erect in dignified distress beside it. With cold asperity, and without according it a second glance, Miss Black had relegated it, actually relegated "Miss Amy's marrer," to the Ringers' Arch. The other helpers stopped in their work and gazed at Miss Black, who, unconscious of the doubts of her sanity which had arisen in their minds, continued rearing white flowers against the east window, regardless of the fact that nothing but their black silhouettes were visible to the congregation.

At this moment Mr. Black came into the church, so urbane, and so determined to show that he was the kind of man who appreciated the spirit in which the humblest offerings were made, that it was some time before Janey could make him aware of the indignity to which Miss Amy's unique work of art had been subjected.

"But its grotesqueness will not be so obvious at the Ringers' Arch," he said. "It's impossible, of course, but it has been a labour of love, I can see that, and I should be the last man in the world to laugh at it."

He had to work through so many sentiments that did him credit that Janey despaired of making him understand, of ever getting him to listen to her.

"Miss Blinkett's marrow is always under the pulpit," she repeated anxiously. "No, the Ringers' Arch is *not* considered such an important place as the pulpit. The people simply love it, and will be disappointed if they don't see it there as usual. And Miss Blinkett will be deeply hurt. She is hurt now, though she does not show it."

At last her words took effect, and Mr. Black was guided into becoming the last man to wound the feelings of one of his parishioners. Greatly to Janey's relief the marrow was presently seen once more to ascend the aisle, was assisted out of its wheelbarrow by Mr. Black himself, and installed on a bed of moss at the pulpit foot; Miss Black standing coldly aloof during the transaction, while Miss Crowder, short-sighted and heavy-footed, walked backwards into an arrangement of tomatoes and dabbias in course of construction round the reading desk.

Mr. Black and his sister had had an amicable discussion the evening before as to the decoration of the church, and especially of the pulpit, for this their first harvest thanksgiving at Riff. They had both agreed, with a cordiality which had too often been lacking in their conversations of late, that they would make an effort to raise the decoration to a higher artistic level than in the other churches in the neighbourhood, some of which had already celebrated their harvest thanksgivings. Miss Black had held up to scorn the naive attempts of Heyke and Drum, at which her brother had preached the sermon, and he had smiled indulgently and had agreed with her.

But Riff was his first country post, and he had not been aware until he stepped into it of the network of custom which surrounded harvest decoration, typified by Miss Blinkett's vegetable marrow. With admirable good sense he adjusted himself to the occasion, and shutting his ears to the hissing whispers of his sister, who for the hundredth time begged him not to be weak, gave himself up to helping his parishioners in their own way. This way he soon found closely resembled the way of Heyke and Drum, and presently he was assisting Mrs. Nicholls to do "Thy will be done" in her own potatoes, backed by white paper roses round the base of the majestic monument of the Welyshams of Swale.

As Janey and Harry were tying their bunches of barley to its iron railings, a telegram was brought to her. Telegrams were

not so common twenty years ago as they are now, and Janey's heart beat. Her mind flew to Roger. Had he had some accident? She knew he had gone to Noyes about the bridge. She opened it and read it, and then looked fixedly at Harry, poor Harry, so industrious and anxious to be of use. She almost hated him at that moment.

She folded up the telegram and sought out Mr. Black, who, hot and tired, and with an earwig exploring down his neck, was now making a cardboard dais for Sayler's loaf of bread.

"My brother Dick is dead," she said. "I must go home at once. Harry can stay and finish the railings. He knows exactly how to do them, and he has been looking forward to helping for days."

Harry looked towards her for approval and her heart smote her. It was not his fault if his shadowy existence was the occasion of a great injustice. She went up to him and patted his cheek, and said: "Capital, capital! What should we do without you, Harry?"

"I'm taking my place, aren't I?" he said, delighted. "That's what nurse is always saying. I must assert myself and take my place."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On a sunny September day Dick the absentee was buried with his fathers at Riff. His death had caused genuine regret among the village people, if to no one else. They had all known him from a boy. There had been a reckless *bonhomie* about him which had endeared him to his people in a way that Roger, who had to do all the disagreeable things, could not expect. In time past Dick had fought and ferreted and shared the same hunk of cake and drunk out of the same mug with half the village lads of Riff. They had all liked him, and later on in life if he would not or could not attend to their grievances or spend money on repairs, he always "put his hand in his pocket" very freely whenever he came across them.

Even the local policeman and the bearers decorously waiting at the lych-gate had sown their few boyish wild oats in Dick's delightful company. He was indissolubly associated with that short heyday of delirious joy; he had given them their one gulp from the cup of adventure and escapade. They remembered the taste of it as the hearse with its four plumed black horses came in sight between the poplars along the winding road from Reiben-bridge. Dick had died tragically at thirty-three, and the kindly people of Riff were sorry.

Janey and Roger were the only chief mourners, for at the last moment Harry had been alarmed by the black horses and had been left behind under the nurse's charge. They followed the coffin up the aisle and sat together in the squire's chancel. Close behind them, pale and impassive, sitting alone, was Jones the valet, perhaps the only person who really mourned for Dick. And behind him again was a crowd of neighbours and family friends, and the serried ranks of the farmers and tenants.

In the chancel was the choir, every member present except Mrs. Nicholls, Dick's foster-mother, who was among the tenantry. So the seat next to Annette was empty, and to Mr. Stirling down by the font it seemed as if Annette were sitting alone near the coffin. Janey sat and stood and knelt, very pale behind her long veil, her black-gloved hands pinching tightly at a little prayer-book. She was not thinking of Dick. She had been momentarily sorry. It is sad to die at thirty-three. It was Roger she thought of, for already she knew that no will could be found. Roger had told her so on his return from Paris two days ago. A sinister suspicion was gradually taking form in her mind that her mother on her last visit to Dick in Paris had perhaps obtained possession of his will and had destroyed it, in the determination that Harry should succeed.

Janey reproached herself for her assumption of her mother's treachery, but the suspicion lurked nevertheless, like a shadow at the back of her mind. Was poor Roger to be done out of his inheritance—for by every moral right Hulver ought to be his? Was treachery at work on every side of him? Janey looked fixedly at Annette. Was she not deceiving him too? How calm she looked, how pure, and how beautiful! Yet she had been the mistress of the man lying in his coffin between them. Janey's brain seemed to shake. It could not be. But so it was. She shut her eyes and prayed for Roger, and Dick, and Annette. It was all she could do.

Roger, beside her, kept his eyes fixed on a carved knob in front of him. He knew he must not look round, though he was anxious to know whether Cocks and Sayles had seated the people properly. His mind was as full of detail as a hive is full of bees. He was tired out, and he had earache, but he hardly noticed it. He had laboured unremittingly at the funeral. It was the last thing he could do for Dick, whom he had once been fond of, whom he had known better than anyone, for whom he had worked so ruefully and faithfully, who had caused him so many hours of exasperation, and who had foiled and frustrated him at every turn in his work for the estate.

He had arranged everything himself—the distant tenants' meals, the putting-up of their horses. He had chosen the bearers, and had seen the gloves and hatbands distributed, and the church hung with black. His mind travelled over all the arrangements, and he did not think anything had been forgotten. And all the time at the back of his mind also was the thought that no will was forthcoming, even while he followed the service.

"Dick might have left Hulver to me. *We brought nothing into the world and it is certain we can carry nothing out.* Poor old Dick. I daresay he meant to. But he was too casual, and had a bee in his bonnet. But if he had done nothing else, he ought to have made some provision for Mary Deane and his child. He could not tell Molly would die before him. *For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday.* Seeing Harry is what he is and Janey is to have Noyes, Dick might have remembered me. I shall have to work the estate for Harry now, I suppose. Doesn't seem quite fair, does it? *O teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.* Never heard Black read the service better. He'll be a bishop some day. And now that Dick has forgotten me, how on earth am I ever to marry? *Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery.* That's the truest text of the whole lot."

Roger looked once at Annette and then fixed his eyes once more on the carved finial of the old oaken bench on which he was sitting, where his uncle had sat before him, and where he could just remember seeing his grandfather sit in a blue frock-coat thirty years ago. He looked for the hundredth time at the ragged staff of the Warwicks carved above the bear, the poor bear which had lost its ears, if it ever had any. His hand in his split glove closed convulsively on the bear's head. *How was he going to marry Annette?*

Annette's eyes rested on the flower-covered coffin in front of her, but she did not see it. She was back in the past. She was kneeling by Dick's bed with her cheek against the pillow, while his broken voice whispered: "The wind is coming again, and I am going with it."

The kind wind had taken the poor leaf at last, the drying, shredded leaf. And then she felt Roger look at her, and other thoughts suddenly surged up. Was it possible, was it possible that Dick might part her and Roger? Their eyes met for an instant across the coffin. Already Roger looked remote, as if like Dick, he were sinking into the past. She felt a light touch on her hand. The choir had risen for the anthem.

(To be continued.)

TWO POEMS.

DRIFT.

All that remains,
All that is left of me
Is a little salt of the sea wave,
And a little sand from the sea.

The wandering wind,
Indifferent and blind,
Blew on me—scattered me apart, like foam—
Now I cannot feel the wind!

I rise, I fall,
I sink and have no care—
The sea's soft grey-green gloom is in my eyes,
And her stars are in my hair.

My playfellows
Are lonely wave, are leaping foam,
Are those lost lights which wander forth at night-fall
And have no home.

* THE MESSAGE.

"Oh! have you not a message, you who come over the sea?
Have you not a message or word at all for me?"

"I have sailed, sailed, sailed where the seas are green and blue.
I've silver, gold and merchandise—but never a word for you."

"But did you see my love by any way you came?
For if you saw my love, he must have spoke my name."

"Oh! yes, I saw your love—Oh! yes, and he was gay,
Riding in his coach-and-six all on his birthday."

"But when you spoke of me, of me—oh! what was it he said?"
"Oh! he never said a word at all, but turned away his head."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE BLACK-THROATED DIVER AND ITS HOME.

THAT most beautiful of our British divers, the black-throated diver, is also one of the rarest. I had to travel altogether sixteen hundred miles from my Middlesex home to secure the photographs which accompany this article. It was on a wild island in

the Outer Hebrides where I eventually found the birds breeding. The loch which the birds had chosen as their home was a large one, although when I saw it first from the heather-covered moor it looked quite small. This was accounted for by the fact that it wound round and about, and when we had turned several corners in our small boat I found that it was possible to row on and on for two hours or more without reaching the other end. When the keeper had rowed me for two miles, he told me that we were near the divers' nest, and that it ought to be on one of the small islands straight ahead. I searched the water carefully with my field-glasses, and there, about three hundred yards away, I saw one of the birds. As I was rowed towards a certain small island I saw another diver on the water, not very far from the land; and when we reached the island we found two fine, large brown eggs in a slight depression close to the water's edge. No attempt had been made at nest-building; the eggs had just been laid on the wet ground, about two feet from the water. There were two well-worn pathways leading up from the water to the eggs, and the bird uses one of these each time it returns. The diver cannot walk, like a

duck or other water birds; when on land it shuffles along on its breast, and looks exceedingly clumsy.

The bird's home is the water, and in this it is a wonderful swimmer and diver, and can remain under water for a long time. I have seen it stated somewhere that it will remain under for ten minutes, but I do not believe this; I should think a minute and a-half is the longest time that the bird could possibly remain under water. It is, however, a very difficult thing to test, for if you attempt to time one of the birds from the moment it disappears until it comes to the surface again you may easily be deceived, for it will go a great distance under the water in a very short time, and then, if you are not sharp in watching it, it will just flash its long neck up and under without you seeing it, and so obtain enough air to help it to keep under for another minute.

I have timed numbers of diving-birds on perfectly still water, and I find that the

average time for them to remain under is about thirty seconds. I was very anxious to secure a set of photographs of this diver, but the nest was in such a position that it was not easy to place a hiding-shelter for myself and the camera on the land. We found that the only suitable spot for this was in the water itself, and as the latter was not very deep we constructed a hiding-place of rocks and stones about nine feet from the eggs. In this I waited for two hours, but the bird did not return, and as I did not wish to keep her off her eggs for too long I went away. The reason she would not come back to her eggs was because she could see me through the crevices between the stones; so before I waited again, I took the precaution of filling these up with moss and heather. Two days later I was in my stone hiding-place at 7.30 in the morning, and as the keeper rowed away and left me, I told him to call again for me at four o'clock in the afternoon, so I was in for a rather long wait. I had the idea that the diver would be a difficult bird to photograph, so I gave myself plenty of time. However, I need not have done this, for in less than ten minutes after the keeper had got out of sight on the water, the bird was back on her eggs. I heard her outside my shelter, and a few minutes later she made a loud splashing as she left the water and shuffled up to her eggs. I had one or two small peepholes through which I could look, and she was indeed a beautiful bird when seen at such close quarters. I lost no time in making a number of exposures, and then I just

waited and watched her for over an hour. It is one of the chief charms of bird-photography to be able to watch the birds at close quarters, when they are absolutely unconscious that they are being watched. This large and wonderfully fascinating bird was quite unconcerned, and had not the slightest idea that a human being was watching and admiring her every movement from a distance of two yards. I found that the bird kept very still and altered her position very little; and, as I was anxious to get as much variety in my pictures as possible, I tried to drive her off the eggs. First, I whistled softly to her; but it was not until I talked to her, and told her that she was a very pretty bird, that she left! Very soon she returned, and I was thus successful in securing a few photographs of her in a different position. I waited until two o'clock, hoping the male would arrive; but as he had not come by that time, and showed no inclination to



O. G. Pike.

ON THE ALERT.

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O. G. Pike.

IN THE DIVERS' HAUNT.

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do so, and as I was thoroughly tired out and cramped with my long wait, I got out of my small stone hut, found a warm, sheltered bay on the other side of the island and rested. When the keeper came for me at four o'clock, he found me fast asleep. The black-throated diver is for the best part of the year of maritime habits, and visits the fresh-water lochs for nesting purposes. The bird takes wing with reluctance, and I did not find it necessary to build a roof to my hiding-place. When, however, the bird does fly, it travels at a very great speed and rises to a considerable height. It could not rise from the land, and seems to have a certain amount of difficulty in getting clear away from the water; but by splashing along for some

distance and striking the water rapidly with its feet in the manner of a swan when it rises, it is able to get the use of its wings. The nesting haunt of the diver is a wild spot, and the weird note of the bird seems to add to its wildness. The loud, harsh call, which might be likened to "ker-oo-war," is repeated at short intervals when the birds are swimming, and at night it sounds particularly weird. On those vast open stretches of grey and green moor there are few bird-sounds, and you may travel a long way without seeing a bird of any description. But when you come near to a bird like the black-throated diver, as I was able, you feel repaid for the time spent and the miles travelled to reach its haunt.

OLIVER G. PIKE.



O. G. Pike.

SETTLING DOWN.

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O. G. Pike.

AT REST.

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NEW & RARE TREES & SHRUBS.—III.

PETTERIA RAMENTACEA.—This is not a new tree, for it was introduced in 1837, but it is far from common. It is a near ally of Laburnum, but is not so elegant a tree, its habit being

stiff and sturdy and its flower-clusters erect. It has the same trifoliate leaves, and the flowers, closely packed in terminal racemes, are yellow and fragrant. It is perfectly hardy, and succeeds in any loamy soil. It is a native of Dalmatia and Montenegro, and if anyone would see it growing wild and enjoy at the same time some of the most entrancing scenery in Europe, they should traverse the wonderful road that joins these two countries between Cattaro and Cetinje. It grows pretty abundantly (as I saw for myself about a year ago) by the side of the road that zig-zags from the mountain pass down into the Bocche di Cattaro. The scene, by the way, was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE about eighteen months ago.

Tricuspidaria lanceolata.—It is only in the gardens of the mildest parts of the British Isles that this magnificent Chilean

hookerianum, also as Tricuspidaria dependens, a name which belongs properly to another species with white flowers. It thrives in any good soil free from lime, and is a



E. J. Wallis.

ACANTHOPANAX LEUCORRHIZA.

A new shrub belonging to the Aralia family, native of Central China. It has handsome foliage and globose clusters of black fruits. Likes a light loamy soil.



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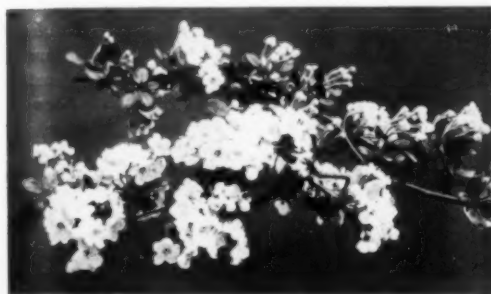
MAGNOLIA SALICIFOLIA.

A new Magnolia from the mountains of Japan, with pure white flowers opening in April, and thin, narrow leaves. Thrives in light loam or peaty soil.

plant no garden should be without in the milder parts of our islands.

Cratægo-mespilus D'Asnieresii.—This generic name has been devised to distinguish a series of remarkable graft-hybrids between the common Thorn (Cratægus) and the Medlar (Mespilus).

The classic instance of a remarkable fusion of two very distinct plants, brought about by simply placing the cut surfaces of two slips of young wood together, is that of Laburnum Adami. This tree, it will be remembered, was produced (unwittingly) about 1825 in a nursery near Paris, by grafting Cytisus purpureus on Laburnum. Our present plant first appeared in the garden of M. Dardar at Bronvaux, near Metz, where grows a Medlar tree grafted on a Hawthorn stock. Just beneath the point of union several branches intermediate between



E. J. Wallis.

CRATÆGO-MESPIBUS D'ASNIERESII.

A remarkable graft-hybrid between the Hawthorn and the Medlar, recently put in cultivation from the Continent. A small, elegant tree, producing pure white flowers.



Copyright.

OSTEOMELES SCHWERINÆ.

A very elegant evergreen shrub, suitable for wall cultivation in most parts of the country, but hardy in the South-West. Leaves finely divided; flowers pure white.

evergreen can be seen to perfection. It thrives in Cornwall and Devon, on the West Coast of Scotland and in many parts of Ireland. During a recent visit I saw a particularly fine specimen at Kilmaccuragh, the seat of Captain Acton in County Wicklow, which is 20ft. high. It is usually shrubby, but sometimes a small tree, its hard-textured leaves lance-shaped, 2in. to 5in. long and 1in. to 1½in. wide. The blossoms are borne singly in the axils of the terminal leaves, each on a stiff, downward-pointing stalk 2in. to 3in. long. The corolla is urn-shaped, fleshy in texture, rich crimson and toothed at the contracted opening. Our illustration shows how freely

this shrub flowers, and will give some idea of the extraordinary beauty of a big bush in full flower. It has the curious habit of pushing out its flower-stalks in autumn, although the flowers themselves do not expand until May. This shrub is known in many gardens as Crinodendron

Medlar and Hawthorn were produced, one of which is the plant now illustrated. Another is called C.-m. Dardari. Both were propagated about 1895, and put into commerce by the nursery firm of Simon - Louis of Metz. The tree now illustrated, as will be seen, takes more after the Hawthorn than the Medlar. It is really one of great elegance and beauty, well worth a place in the choicest collection. The flowers are larger than those of Hawthorn, at first pure white, becoming rose-tinted with age. The influence of the Medlar is evident in the woolly shoots and downy young leaves.

Acanthopanax leucorrhiza.—In

**TRICUSPIDARIA LANCEOLATA.**

A Chilean evergreen small tree, hardy in the milder parts of the British Isles. Loves a moist climate and a soil free from lime. Flowers rich red.

**PETTERIA RAMENTACEA.**

An ally of the Laburnum, found wild in South-Eastern Europe. A small tree, with dense, erect clusters of yellow flowers. It likes a loamy soil and is very hardy.

greenhouses the *Aralia* family, to which this shrub belongs, is well known; in the open it is but sparsely represented, but such members of the family as are hardy are useful in bringing into the open air a type of foliage of a distinctly exotic type. The best-known representative is *Aralia chinense*. The shrub, whose flowers are now figured, is one of Wilson's introductions; he sent it from Central China in 1901. It has survived the winters since that date uninjured, and promises to be ornamental as well as interesting. The leaves are made up of three or five radiating leaflets, borne at the end of a stalk 3 in. or so long, each leaflet 3 in. or 4 in. in length. The dull white flowers, borne in globular clusters, are more curious than pretty; but the fruit is more effective, being quite black and in similar globose clusters 2 in. across, not unlike those of its ally, the Ivy. This shrub thrives well in a light, warm, loamy soil. The Chinese extract a drug from the root.

Magnolia salicifolia.—The *Magnolias* are in some respects, especially in the size of the individual blossom, the most wonderful flowering trees of northern temperate regions, and an addition to those we have had in cultivation is an event of importance. As a rule, the deciduous sorts have a somewhat gaunt and inelegant habit of growth; but this new species, which was introduced in 1906, promises a grace of form as well as the characteristic beauty of flower. Its leaves are of quite an unusual shape among *Magnolias*, being narrowly oval or lance-shaped, up to 4 in. long by about 1 in. wide, dull green and smooth above, bluish and covered with minute down beneath. It is a deciduous small tree, 20 ft. to 30 ft. high, with a graceful, slender trunk, found in Japan most abundantly on Mount Hakkoda at 2,000 ft. to 3,000 ft. altitude. The flowers are pure white and about 4 in. across. There is no doubt, I think, as to its absolute hardiness in our average climate. Its nearest ally is *Magnolia Kobus*, but it is superior to that tree for gardens. It flowers in April on the still leafless shoots, and will thrive in any well-drained soil.

Osteomeles Schwerinæ.—In the milder counties this elegant shrub may be grown unprotected in the open ground, but in colder districts (as near London, for instance) it must have the protection of a wall. There, if its long, gracefully pendent shoots are allowed to hang free, it makes a charming picture, especially when they are wreathed with flowers in June. Our illustration gives some idea of their profusion. The flowers are pure white and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter. The foliage is peculiarly elegant, each leaf being from 2 in. to 4 in. long, but made up of from seventeen to over thirty pinnately arranged leaflets of oval shape and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. They are more suggestive of some of the *Pea* family than of the *Rose* family, to which this shrub really belongs. It is evergreen, and was introduced to France in 1888 by the Abbé Delavay from Yunnan, in which province of China he was at that time attached to the Roman Catholic Missions. As it will be known to some readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* as *O. anthyllidifolia* (under which name it was figured in the *Botanical Magazine*, tab. 7354), a brief explanation of the change may be given. The older name was made to cover certain closely allied *Osteomeles* extending from Western China through the South-Eastern Pacific region as far as the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand. It is scarcely possible that one species would extend through such vast distances and under such diverse climates; and as it is found that our plant from Western China differs from the one originally called *O. anthyllidifolia* by Lindley in its smooth fruits, less hairy calyx lobes and narrower leaves; therefore it has been distinguished by the name above given. It is not likely that the true *O. anthyllidifolia* can be hardy with us.

W. J. BEAN.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS AND THEIR NAMES.

III.—PERENNIALS.

PERENNIAL plants are cheaper to buy than are trees and shrubs. They can, many of them, be raised from seed or increased from division or cuttings, which grow rapidly; this makes them convenient to give away, and they consequently soon become known; but here again we see how one-sided are the majority of people, as in a village or suburb the same plant is often found in almost every garden, while it may be quite unknown ten miles away. We have all met the selfish gardener who prides himself on having what others lack, and never gives away a seed or a cutting; but the majority of those who love their plants like to give or exchange, and were more people to grow some of the less well-known plants and bulbs, it would do much to add to the interest and joy of gardening, as it is the best of all recommendations for a plant to be seen in full growth

and vigour. The attitude of so many amateurs about any plant they have never grown themselves is one of supreme distrust; they feel "this is not for us," and seem to think one has some secret recipe for making the plant grow and flourish. How often one hears people say, "You see, I have no glass," as if that prevented one from growing anything of interest. I gave a bunch of *Erica Carnea* (flesh-coloured), which, even on cold clay, given the help of a little peat, flowers all the winter in open weather, to a garden-lover in January, and she expressed the greatest surprise that such a thing could be grown out of doors. All the *Heath* family are very neglected; almost the only one known to the majority of people is *Erica Ventricosa*, sold in pots in town shops. Its growth is so artificial-looking that its dusty appearance seems natural; it looks so old when beginning to fade, as if it had left the factory years ago and not been dusted since. The much more attractive *Erica gracilis* is often sold during the winter in tiny pots.

When bought and put in a room it usually promptly dies, for though it looks hardy, it resents a draught, so it is not likely to help to teach anyone how desirable are the *Heath* family. The sorts to grow out of doors are the hardy winter and spring flowering kinds—one does not need them so much in summer. *Erica Carnea* *Hybrida* is taller and more vigorous than the type, and flowers earlier. *E. herbacea* flowers in March and *E. Mediterranea* in April. The so-called "Lilies" *St. Bruno* and *St. Bernard* (*Anthericum Liliastrium* and *A. Liliago*) are easy of cultivation with grass-like foliage and white flowers, which look charming when picked. The *Aster* tribe, or *Michaelmas Daisies*, are very little understood. The coarse-growing older sorts are dangerous enemies to allow in heavy soils, but the newer dwarfier kinds are lovely in early autumn.

Aster Acris is a distinct variety, with a cloud-like density of mauve flower from July to September. *A. Ericoides* has long sprays of heath-like foliage, with tiny white flowers in great profusion; it is 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. *A. Diffusus Horizontalis*—so called from the horizontal arrangement of the stems—has bronzy red and white flowers; it is 3 ft. high, *Combe Fishacre* is the best variety. Four beautiful named kinds are: *Diadem*, pink flowers, 3 ft.; *Gloriosa*, several shades of purple, 2 ft.; *Ringdove*, pale greyish mauve, 3 ft.; and the double kind, *Beauty of Colwell*, 5 ft. This handsome plant must surely be accepted, even by people most inclined to snort at double flowers. The tall purple and magenta *Michaelmas Daisies*, with fine leaves covered with down, and reddish stems, puzzle many people, as their appearance is so different to the other members of the *Aster* family. They come from New England, which can be seen from their Latin name, *Novæ-Angliæ*. The best are: *Ruber* (red), *Woolston* (blue) and *Deima* (pink). They are from 4 ft. to 5 ft. high, and bloom from August to October, according to climate and position. *Asters* described as "vigorous growers" in a catalogue of *Michaelmas Daisies* should never be allowed in a bed of mixed plants, or in a few years, if left to have their own way, they will have taken possession of the bed. They love to come up in the middle of other plants, and will grow under a group of choice *Carnations* or other treasures and flourish with all the vigour of a weed, and in order to get rid of it the better plant has often to be sacrificed. *Anthemis* is a useful plant, with *Marguerite*-like flowers. *A. Tinctaria Kelwayi* is superior to the type in every way and quite easy to raise from seed. The common Evening Primrose, which sows itself every year when once established, is often thrown away because it grows like a weed; but one seldom sees the many other varieties of the *Oenothera* tribe. *Oenothera Youngii* is one of the most satisfactory; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, with red stems, its yellow flowers shine out all day from June till September, and the leaves turn red in October. *O. speciosa* begins to flower in March, the flowers white and pale pink; it grows about 2 ft. high. *O. Exima* (choice) does best in the rock garden, as it has a trailing habit.

Lupinus Arboreus, the tree Lupin, often excites great admiration when seen growing to perfection on a dry, sandy bank, but many people fail to realise the great difference in their habit and requirement from the herbaceous kinds. A lady friend wrote some time ago to say she had planted tree Lupins at the edge of her Rose bed, and wished to know if they should be transplanted every year! There is no other position, except, perhaps, in a bog garden, less suitable to tree Lupins than anywhere near Roses, which require strong soil, doses of liquid manure when in bud, and watering in dry weather. The Lupins, as one might judge from the root—which, like that of the *Antirrhinum*, *Wallflower*, and many other biennials, is a single stem of delicate wood, which often rots in winter—must have a dry, well-drained, rather poor soil and will only move when quite young. I am afraid this spring will have seen a group of corpses round that Rose bed. ETHEL CASE.



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THE DINNER-HOUR.

J. Shaw.



NO little of the delight which comes from a growing intimacy with Scottish castles is due to the new life which it puts into the story of Mary Queen of Scots. Many great English houses are associated with the progresses of her contemporary, Elizabeth, but the difference in the success with which the two Queens played their parts is as marked as the contrasts between the houses. Elizabeth, sure of herself, of her life, of the skill of her statesmen and of the loyalty of her friends, made stately progresses from palace to palace. Met by masques of children with addresses of graceful adulation, by hospitality on a scale

never before equalled, flattered, almost worshipped—her career, save in its barrenness of love, was one long triumph. Mary, the victim of uneasy, changing passions, a pawn in the conventions of rival nobles, and the sport of Elizabeth's intrigues, intimate with murderers and often depending on them, first fled from castle to castle, and then, as years went on, continued her travels as a prisoner until her last move to Fotheringhay. It would need that woman Homer of whom Butler dreamed to weave these pageants of success and failure into an epic of contrasts.

It was in the spring of 1567 that Mary married Bothwell.

Edinburgh took the wedding somewhat grimly, and, indeed, few troubled to attend the ceremony or the Courts held at Holyrood during the days that followed. Le Croc, the French Ambassador, was bored at the melancholy air of the Palace. Mary and Bothwell rode abroad and seemed merry together, but it was the merriment of those who dance over a volcano. A fortnight later a proclamation was issued in usual form, calling upon the forces to fulfil their feudal duty and meet the Queen and "her dearest spouse," for an attack upon the Border robbers. No one answered and the great men in Edinburgh crept away to their country places. This argument of silence broke the Queen's nerves. Even Bothwell's rough courage failed him after ten days' disregard of the Royal summons. Suddenly they left Holyrood and fled with a small retinue to Borthwick Castle. Meanwhile, the hostile lords had not been idle. Morton and Hume appeared with some hundreds of men, part of a force which had intended to seize the runaways at Holyrood. Borthwick Castle was strong, but not against an army with guns; and, in any case, the Queen lacked men. Bothwell fled alone, and left her at Borthwick. "The lords, finding he was escaped, cried out of him, bidding him come out, traitor, murderer and butcher, and maintain his challenge, with divers undutiful and unseemly speeches used against their Queen and Sovereign, too evil and unseemly to be told, which, poor Princess, she did with her speech defend, wanting other



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THE ENTRANCE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BORTHWICK CASTLE FROM THE NORTH.

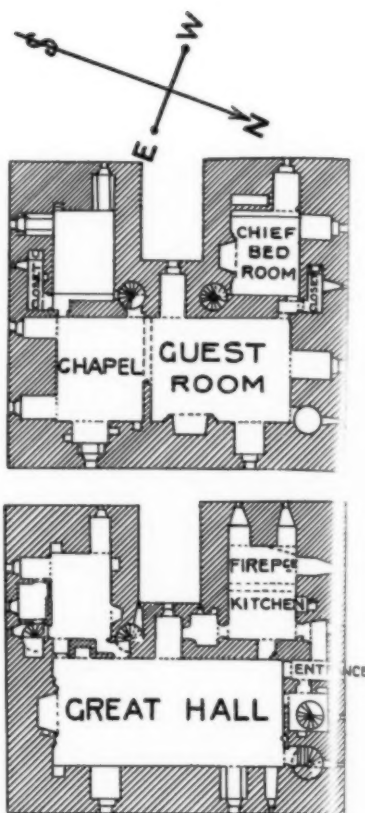
"COUNTRY LIFE."

means for her revenge." If she had, indeed, been coerced by Bothwell into opposing the demands of the lords, she was free now, and the men at the gates were ready to obey their Queen. But she was wife before stateswoman. At dead of night, dressed as a page and absolutely alone, she slipped out and rode over the moor to Black Castle, where Bothwell awaited her, and so into the rising storm which heralded her final undoing. So it was that Borthwick Castle was the grim background for a few days of a short scene in Mary's tragedy of failure.

Mary's host at Borthwick was her zealous partisan, the sixth Lord Borthwick, whose forbear, Sir William, first Lord Borthwick, had given his name to the estate of Locherwart when he acquired it, about 1430, on marrying a Hay. James I. straightway granted him a licence to build the castle which is the subject of our pictures. The third lord fell at Flodden, and his son was so sound a man that the Council gave to him the command of Stirling Castle and the care of the infant James V. John, fifth lord, took no great part in affairs, save to resist the Reformation, saying that he would believe as his fathers had done before him. We have seen how his son stood by Queen Mary in the hour of her need. With John, ninth Lord, Borthwick Castle found its way again into history. Oliver Cromwell besieged it in 1650, and his letter to the defenders was brief and pointed: "If you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what, I doubt not, you will not be pleased with." Scotland was not accustomed to heavy guns, and perhaps Borthwick doubted whether Cromwell could make his threat good. The Lord Protector soon undeceived him. On the east side of the tower there is

still a deep scar, which shows the pommelling which followed the threat. Borthwick wisely gave in before his home was damaged beyond repair.

On his death in 1672 without issue, the peerage lay dormant until 1727, when a collateral descendant, Henry Borthwick of Nenthorn, assumed the title, and from 1734 to 1761 he voted as Lord Borthwick at the election of representative Scottish peers. In the latter year the House of Lords questioned many holders of dormant titles, and his among them. In 1762 the House confirmed his right to the title, but he died without issue ten years later. John Borthwick of



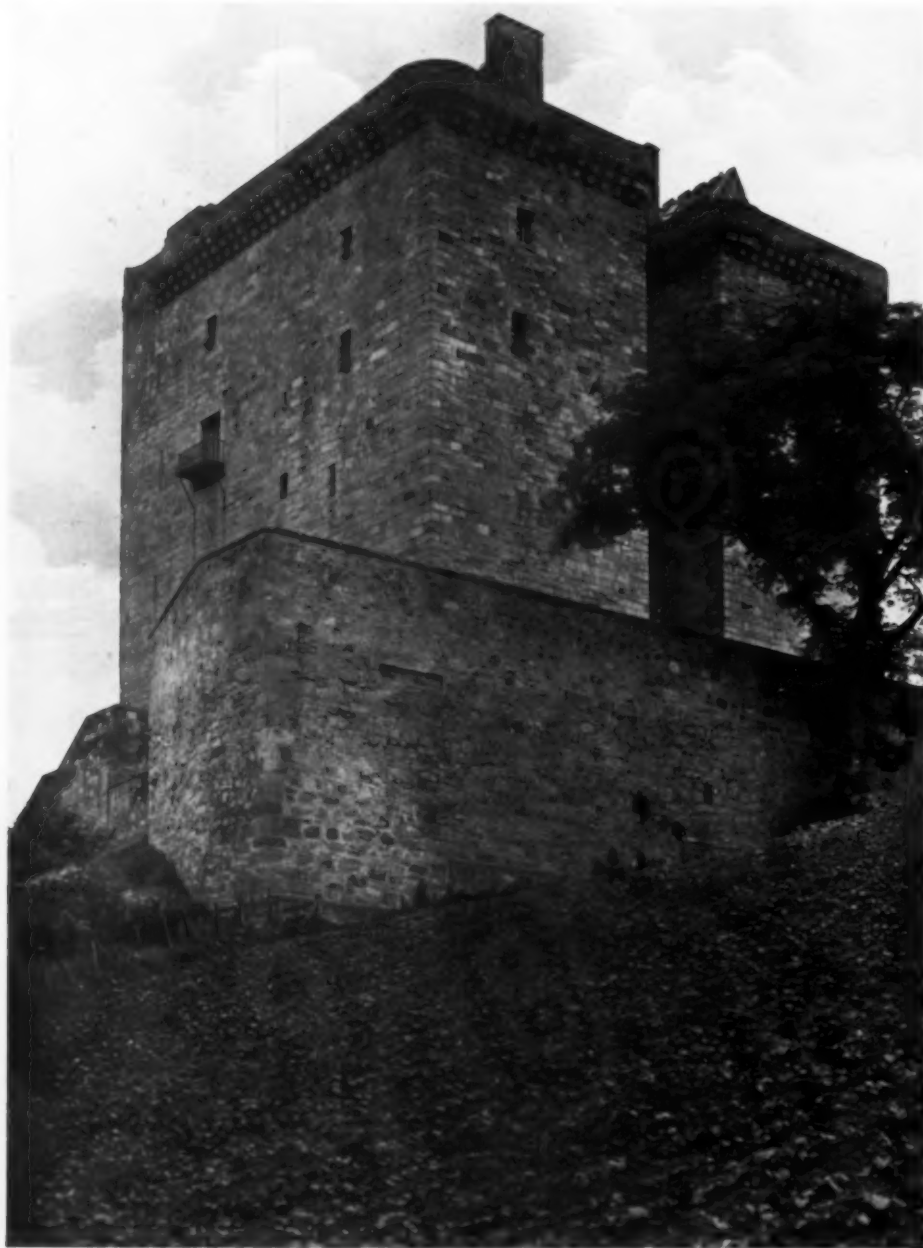
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PLANS OF HALL FLOOR AND FLOOR ABOVE.

Guest-room of latter is now the drawing-room.

Crookston, ancestor of the present owner of the castle, then claimed the title as against Archibald Borthwick, heir male of the last peer. After long litigation his claim was refused, and Archibald and his descendants held the title until it fell dormant in 1910, so the right to the title now falls to Crookston.

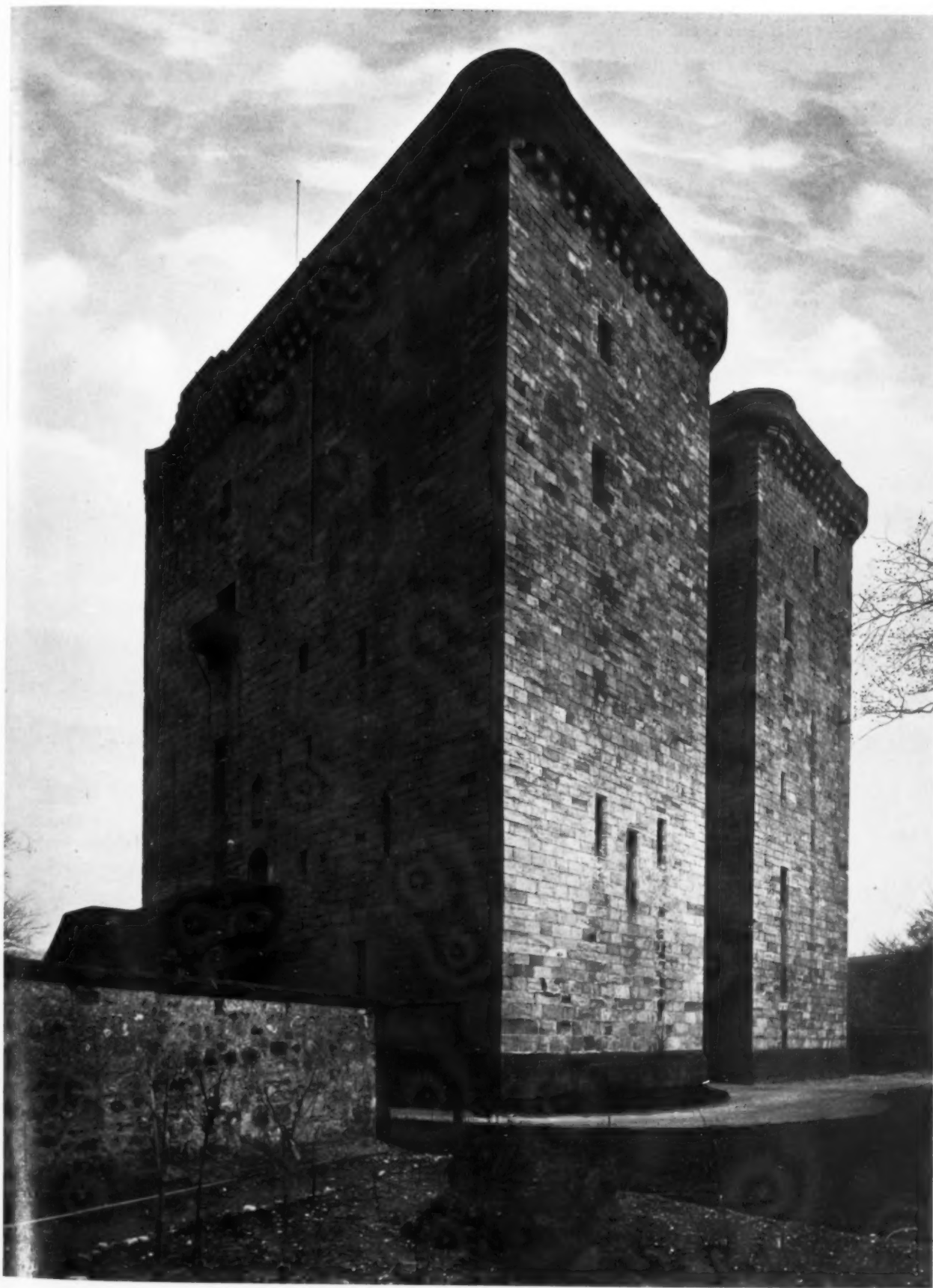
We must now turn to the story of the castle, which stands in Midlothian, only a few miles south-east of Edinburgh. It takes a unique place in the history of Scottish building, and for more than one reason. By far the biggest keep north of the Tweed, its plan shows two projecting towers on one side, and it has escaped the disfiguring additions which have destroyed the character of nearly every Scottish keep which has continued to be inhabited. In order that its full significance may be understood, it is necessary to sketch very lightly the development of Scottish architecture up to the date of its building by Sir William Borthwick, first Lord Borthwick, in 1430. The first period of Scottish castles produced the same type as appeared in France and England, viz., the earthen mound protected by ditches and by mounds topped by wooden palisades. This elementary construction was replaced in time by a great encircling wall of masonry with towers at the three or more corners of the enclosure, from which the defenders were able to pour missiles on an attacking force. One of these corner towers was generally larger than the rest, and was occupied



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THE NORTH-WEST BASTION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

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by the owner. Among such castles may be mentioned Inverlochy, Rothesay, Dunstaffnage and Caerlaverock. As centuries went on, additional buildings were put up against the inner wall of the courtyard, but the original arrangement was primitive and wholly defensive in idea. This type continued until the end of the thirteenth century. The English invasions which followed impoverished the country so greatly that little building was done between 1300 and 1350, but the retaliatory raids made by the Scots into England taught them the advantages of the Norman keep, and they adopted it as their model. The wall of enceinte was retained, but the keep became the dominant feature, and there was often only a single small additional

century, but continued, side by side with more civilised developments, right into the seventeenth century. About 1400, however, the Scottish Court and the greater nobles began to have more ambitious ideas, and to build their castles and palaces round a courtyard. The keep was retained as an independent residence for the lord, and was capable of separate defence in times of acute crisis; but other buildings, such as banqueting hall, chapel, kitchens, etc., were grouped with it. Linlithgow, Stirling and Falkland are typical examples. At the same time, the earlier type of fortified house, consisting of a keep with a walled enclosure, developed side by side with the courtyard type, and of such examples Borthwick Castle



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THE GREAT HALL.

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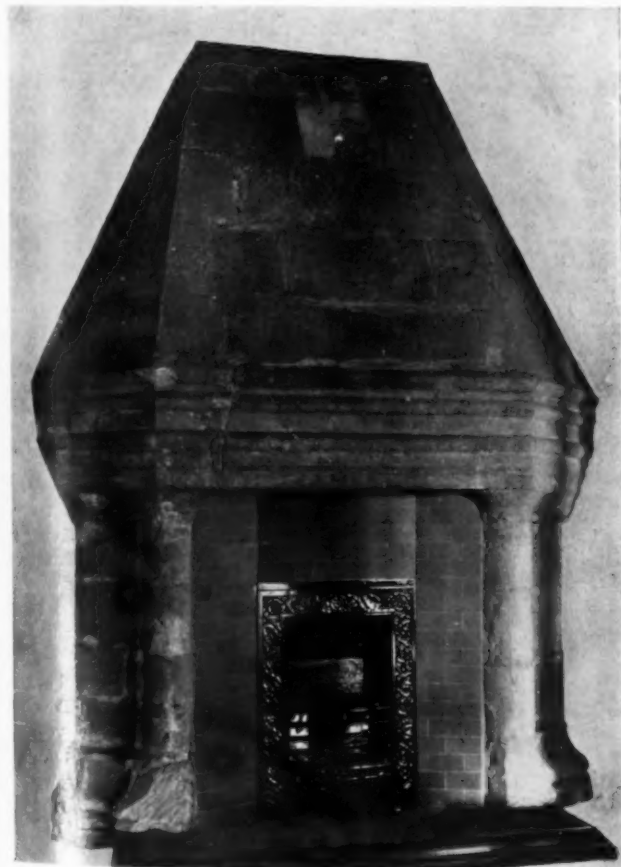
tower built on the wall. Of such dwellings, Loch Leven Castle, where Queen Mary was imprisoned, serves as a typical example. In small castles the wall was sometimes omitted. These keeps were simple, rectangular buildings of three or more storeys. The basement floor was occupied by cattle and the baser sort of retainer. On the first floor was a hall in which the lord and his whole family ate and slept, and other retainers lived above. As the standard of comfort rose, a projection was made at one corner, which gave an additional room on every floor, and, in particular, a private room for the lord, opening out of the hall. This type of keep, either a simple rectangle or with one projection, was built not only during the fourteenth

is the most notable. It occupies a site which offered great natural facilities for defence. A spur of land stretches out into the middle of a valley, and, at its point, slopes down sharply to where two streams join. The wall, therefore, is strongest at the side from which the Castle is approached; the gateway here with its protecting round tower has been almost wholly rebuilt. It is on this side, viz., the west, that the two great projections of the castle jut out. Sir William Borthwick followed the common practice in providing the entrance to his home at the first-floor level. In order to reach the main door, which is on the north side, it was necessary to pass round the north-west corner of



Copyright. CANOPIED RECESS IN HALL. "C.L."

the castle, to climb up a stair to the parapet of the enceinte wall, and then to cross a stone bridge which led to the door. The original bridge and stair have disappeared, but they have been built anew in the old position. A doorway



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gives access to the basement, small enough to ensure its being made impregnable. This floor consists of three vaulted store-rooms, in one of which is the well. Another was a prisoners' cell, and is lighted only by a window placed so high that no captive could hope to escape through it. On the first floor are the great hall and, adjoining it, the lord's private room and the kitchen in the two projecting towers. Another sign of English influence is to be seen at the north end of the great hall, in the provision of a screen, such as was invariably found in English hall houses. Unhappily, this was destroyed long ago. The nineteenth century wooden screen, with a gallery over, is an unattractive piece of woodwork which does little more than mark the position of the original structure. The entrance lobby, which connects the main doorway with the hall, is protected on its east side by a little guardroom, from which a circular stair goes down to the basement, and this,

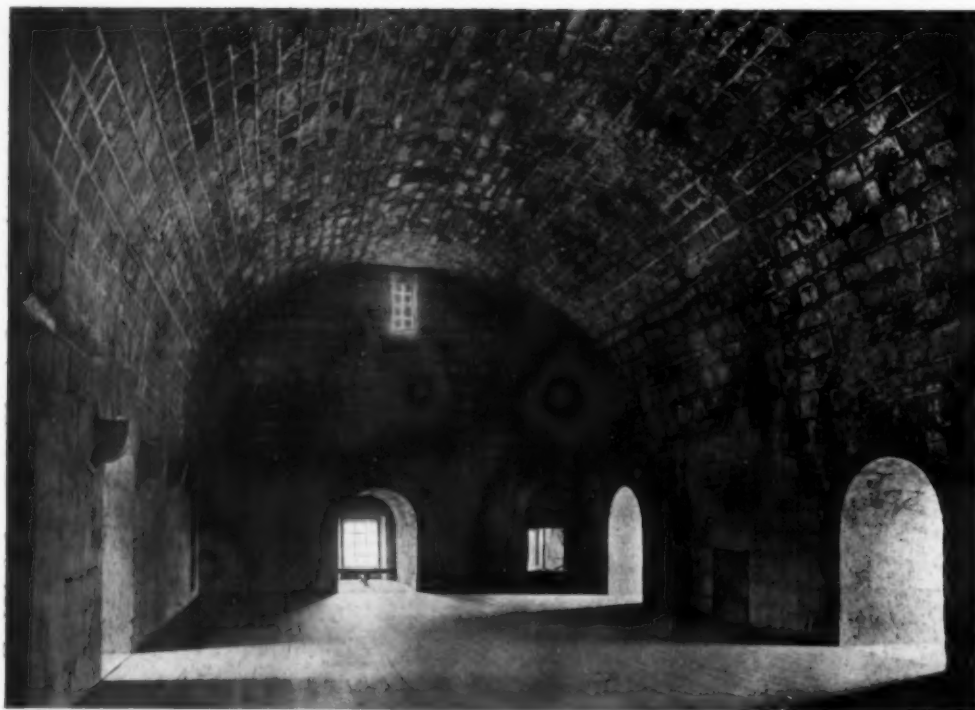
no doubt, was always occupied by some sturdy men-at-arms, whose business it was to question anyone seeking admission to the Borthwick presence. The kitchen is a very notable room. Nearly half its floor area is occupied by the fireplace, which is lit by no fewer than three windows, and from it arises an enormous chimney. In times of stress, the friends and retainers of the Borthwicks who were gathered within the strong walls of the castle must have amounted to a large number, and it was therefore necessary to provide ample means for cooking on a big scale.

The treatment of the hall shows considerable architectural

refinement, and its size is most impressive. Nisbet said truly of it, "It is so large high of the roof that a man on horseback may turn a spear in it with all the ease imaginable." Unhappily it is only just possible to distinguish the remains of extensive colour work on the vaulting. On the north wall, under the wooden gallery, there is the remains of a lavatory basin, with a beautiful Gothic canopy in stone. The fireplace at the south end is of noble proportions. By ill fortune, part of the sloping canopy and the whole of the frieze which ran across the fire-opening were destroyed, but they have lately been restored. To the right of the fireplace, i.e., in the west wall, is a recess with an enriched fifteenth century canopy, which either served as a seat or gave space for a livery cupboard or some other piece of furniture. The lord's private room opens from the south end of the hall, and is equipped with a recess, which shows a very advanced regard for sanitary requirements. On the floor above, the area of the main part of the castle is not used as a



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Copyright.

THE TOP STOREY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.



THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

single room, as is the great hall. It is divided by a cross wall into a withdrawing room or guest room, and a smaller sitting-room, which was equipped as an oratory with altar aumbry and piscina. As, however, the altar and its foot-piace are within the thickness of the wall, it is probable that a curtain hung before it, and that, save at the hours of devotion, the oratory was used as a sitting-room. From it there opens another private apartment, called Queen Mary's, and probably used as a bed-chamber, which balances a similar room in the other projection. In the large room now used as the drawing-room there survives a good canopied stone mantelpiece, but the floor above it, which serves as its ceiling, has lost its original timber-work and the restored floor, now visible, was not well done. Above this floor are two more. The lower one was probably divided into bedrooms for more important visitors and officers, and the loft at the top was given up to the men of the garrison. This last provision was eminently practical, because much of the fighting in the sixteenth century was done from the heavily fortified flat roof. The parapet was carried round on heavy corbelling with open machicolations, but the upper part of this work has disappeared, which is also the case with the corbelling on the east side, the result of Cromwell's attack. Far more destructive than war was the ownership of the Mitchellstons about 1760. They used the castle as a quarry, but it defied their efforts to a great extent. The late Mr. John Borthwick did much in 1892 to rescue it from its ruinous and neglected state, and its present owner has continued the good work. The details of the planning have been described at some length because only so can we enter into the life of the Borthwicks who made this great castle their home during many centuries of Scotland's troubled history. LAWRENCE WEAVER.

"HONEST HEARTS & GOOD BOWLERS."—II.

THE last greensman to the old club is still living in Halford; of him and of the many social customs of the club many interesting stories could be told.

Walter Lomas, the last greensman to the Halford Bowling Club, is, in this present year of grace, as hale and hearty as any "honest heart and good bowler" could wish to see him. He has much of interest to tell of the club and its palm days; of the flawless velvet of the lovely turf of the green, on

whose level surface not a leaf was suffered to rest; of the beauty of the arbours cut in the yew and ivy hedge surrounding it; and how he had to see to it that on bowling days every chink in hedge or arbour was filled up with moss or leaves, so that no profane eye outside might peep at "the gentry enjoying themselves." His duty on green days was to wait on the players, to measure, when occasion required it, the distance of the bowl from the jack and to mark the score, which he did in stripes of white chalk on his boots, the leading side on the right, the other on the left foot. "Too merry" was the cry when the bowl sped too fast towards the jack; "Not merry enough," when it crept too slowly over the green. The old wooden ballot-box, the measures, several pairs of bowls, the trigg and two ivory jacks are now in Lomas' possession, having been presented to him by the members when the club was broken up. Among its earliest papers, scrawled on a dirty scrap of paper, is the mysterious communication:

Sir,—There is an Ivory Jack Ball in the Cabbage Leaf for Mr. Cox. At the same time paid charge. £1 16s.

I understand few modern players rise to the extravagance of an ivory jack; indeed, I have been unable to ascertain where such an article may be obtained.

In June, 1833, a committee was appointed to consider the celebration of the jubilee of the club. This committee,

considering that the original principal of the Club was that of Oeconomy with a view to permanency . . . is not willing to enter into Extravagance upon the occasion.

Resolved therefore, that a By day be fixed upon and that each Member does not invite more than one friend, . . . that the Gentlemen who have hitherto so handsomely given Venison be invited, and that the senior Members be requested to act as President and Vice President on the occasion.

The meeting took place as arranged, a party of thirty-five members and ex-members, with their friends, meeting and dining together. Feasting and conviviality was a great feature of the club, whose members delighted to sit down at three o'clock on a summer's afternoon to an abundant hot dinner, with, and after which, they consumed much good port and sherry. Four of the members owned deer parks, and there are constant entries in the minutes relating to half-bucks and haunches presented by Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey, Mr. Shirley of Ettington Park, Mr. West of Alscott and Mr. Lucy of Charlecote. An entry in 1844 is really pathetic: "Three only present. A half Buck was done justice to by them, so far as in them lay." Again, it is recorded of a haunch sent by Mr. Lucy that "it was unfortunately not well cooked and the fat gone, so Mr. Lucy promised another haunch." Alas! this second haunch "proved much underdone, though Mr. Lucy sent his own cook to dress it." Sad and brief is the entry concerning a bye-day arranged to play a match for a half-dozen of champagne to be consumed with a box of game expected from Scotland: "*The game did not come!*"

Apart from game and venison, the landlord was expected to provide a substantial meal for twenty-five possible attendances. Here is the cost as estimated by the club secretary in the middle of last century:

	£	s.	d.
Fish	0	8	0
Poultry	0	12	0
Beef	0	12	0
Mutton	0	5	0
Quarter of Lamb	0	8	0
Pheon Pie	0	3	6
Ham	0	5	0
Vegetables	0	5	0
Butter to Sauces	0	3	6
Fillings and Pastry	0	10	0
Cheese	0	2	6
Total	3	14	6

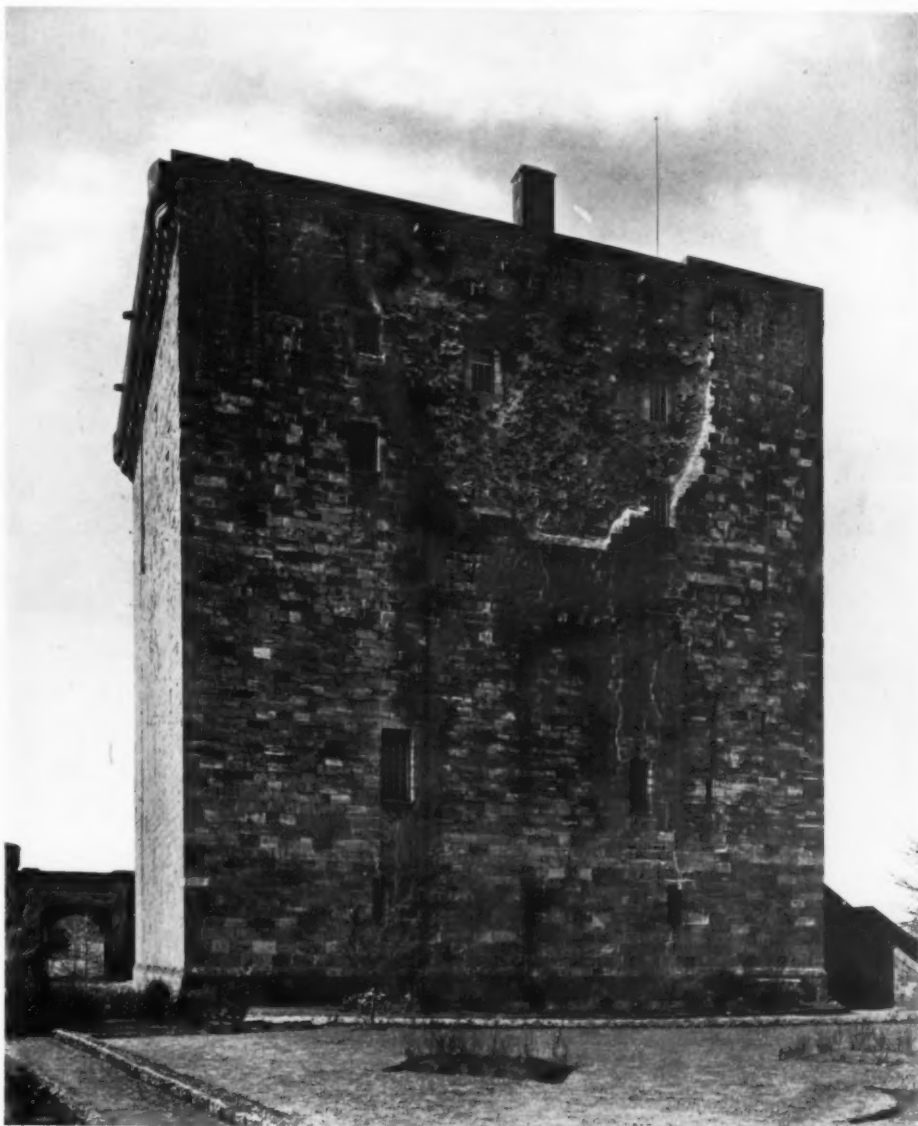
Estimating the usual average attendance at:

	£	s.	d.
10 at 2s. 6d.	1	5	0
Absences, 15 at 1s. 6d.	1	2	6
Strangers, 4 at 2s. 6d.	0	10	0
For corks, probably	0	7	0
Total	3	4	6

this showed a loss to the landlord of ten shillings; but he doubtless made it good on the quantities which must have been left over, not to mention the large quantity of venison which must have often fallen to his share.

But, next to the bowling, the really solemn preoccupation of the club was its cellar. From the very first it was resolved:

That as the Members of the Halford Bowling Club required to be supplied



BORTHWICK CASTLE: CROMWELL'S MARK ON THE EAST SIDE.

with wine of the best quality, the Port wine be ordered from a merchant named by the members, and that the Invoice of the Wine be produced at the next Meeting after the arrival of the Wine. It is further resolved that the Landlord of the Bell Inn be allowed one shilling clear profit and that the black bottle be brought to the Vice President who shall decant it.

One would have supposed this to have been a sufficient guarantee, but in 1841

it was resolved that the Wine no longer be provided by the Landlord, but that a Wine Fund subscription be collected at £2 per head, to be at the disposal of the Committee, and that one Member do keep an account book of the same and a separate account of the consumption of Wine and the cash account on each Green day. The Wine to be kept in a separate bin, the key kept by a member of the Committee. The corks of the port and sherry to be drawn at the table by the Vice President. The landlord to be allowed a shilling for each cork drawn, together with the bottles.

The consumption was more moderate than might be expected, averaging about nine bottles to a dozen members, but this was only the port and sherry, and did not include the champagne for which matches were constantly being played.

A printed card of the following toasts was placed on the President's plate each day of meeting :

1. Church and Queen.
2. The Prince Albert, Prince of Wales and Royal Family.
3. Success to the Green.
4. The Lady Patroness [this was always the Lady Leigh of the period].
5. Absent Members.
6. Honest Hearts and Good Bowlers.

This last sentiment was engraved on the decanters used by the club. Any deviation from the order of these toasts was punished by a fine. On one occasion a member proposed the health of the then secretary of the club in acknowledgment of his services to the green. On being admonished for his error he gracefully proposed that his fine should be a dozen of champagne, for which a match should be played on the next green day. Dinner over, the wine and the club snuff-box (a "pound of the best snuff for the use of the members" is a constant entry in the accounts) were carried out and placed on the tables in front of the benches in the arbours, and to this cheerful accompaniment play went on so long as the light would serve.

There are many entries of payments for packs of playing cards in the accounts, and tradition points to a certain upstairs room in the club-house as being set apart for their use; but there is another apartment about which the minutes of the club preserve a discreet silence. At the top of the house, unique, I am told, in England, is a cockpit. One end of the room is raised and railed off—it might be a chapel and the rails altar-rails. It is impossible not to suspect that, long after the practice had become illegal, some of these "honest hearts and good bowlers" indulged in a bout of cock-fighting on the sly.

So soon do things once past and gone become forgotten that even its greensman cannot recall the exact date of the breaking up of the old club, but it was either in 1880 or 1881. A few years later it was, for a short time, revived, but in a highly degenerate form, tea, bread and butter and—ladies! Oh, shades of those members who, it is true, drank to the health of their lady patroness, but steadily and consistently refused the admission of the "tempestuous petticoat" even for one day of the season. To-day the green is a somewhat melancholy spot, its turf almost ruined, its hedges and arbours ragged and unkempt. The club-house has been put to many uses; till lately the Christadelphians held their meetings in the room which has seen so many toasts proposed and drunk, so many good dinners consumed. Yet over it all there lingers the indefinable charm which clings to the spot hallowed by time and the memory of good company. It is worth the while of any "honest heart and good bowler" who may be passing by road on his way North from Bath or Cirencester to Warwick, to call at the Bell at Halford and ask to see the old green; while, should he have half-an-hour to spare to wander round the pretty village and has the luck to find Mr. Lomas at home, he cannot fail to enjoy a talk with an old greensman whose pride it is to have inherited and helped to maintain the traditions of such a fine institution as was the Halford Bowling Club.

M. STANTON.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WILD LIFE IN THE CRIMEA.

AFTER much journeying in Russia—from the German Frontier to Petersburg, and from Petersburg in the North to Kharkoff in the South—I had formed an opinion that as regards its bird-life the country was singularly unproductive. The Crimea, however, proved to be a striking exception to the other parts of the country in this respect. As the train neared Sebastopol buzzards could be seen soaring near the railway, and many starlings were entering or emerging from their nesting-holes in the extensive limestone cliffs which abound in the district. The road from Sebastopol to Koreiz, some forty miles eastwards, runs through some exceedingly fine scenery. Bird-life was in evidence almost before the town was left behind. Larks were numerous, and were interesting, as they seemed to be slightly larger in size than those met with in our islands. They also moved their wings at a decidedly slower speed than the British representatives, reminding one somewhat of a woodcock in their mode of flight. (From their prominent crests I am of opinion that the birds I noted were specimens of the crested lark, which is only an occasional visitor to Britain, but I have not had sufficient experience of the species to identify it with certainty.) Curiously enough, I did not hear a single specimen in full song. The kestrel in the Crimea is more numerous than with us, and may be seen not singly or in pairs, but in companies of half-a-dozen, and even more. I was very glad to see that the kite is an inhabitant of the district, and is comparatively

tame, perching on the telegraph-poles near the road and taking wing with considerable reluctance. After journeying through the mountains amid exceedingly fine scenery, one reaches, with startling suddenness, a point where a wonderful view of the Black Sea, some 1,500ft. below, is obtained. The writer saw this panorama under exceptional conditions. Seaward the sky was clear, with the exception of a few fleecy clouds almost touching the water's surface. Not the faintest ripple disturbed the sea, which reflected a series of shades of delicate blue and green rarely, if ever, seen off our own coasts. Many sailing ships lay becalmed at various distances from land. Above us, immediately above us, were sheer precipices for a thousand feet, their summits invisible in soft grey mists. As we watched, a buzzard flew heavily seawards, then sailing round the giant cliffs no less than seven eagles came into view. So near us did they soar that it was possible without difficulty to distinguish the male from the female birds. At times they would be lost momentarily in the mist, which was descending imperceptibly but surely down the sides of the rocks. I learned that, owing to almost complete absence of such birds as usually form the eagle's food, the king of birds is forced to prey upon smaller specimens, such as the lark, blackbird or chaffinch, and he also is quick in appearing on the scene should a sheep or horse die on the hill-side. As far as could be gathered, the eagles, kites and buzzards invariably nest on the most inaccessible cliffs, and even with the aid of a rope the eyries can be rarely reached. Even during the spring months the Crimea has a somewhat parched appearance, and as a result, xerophytic plants of the coniferous type hold the advantage.

A species of juniper, I believe *Juniperus phœnicea*, flourished in the most arid situations, obtaining a foothold even on the precipitous cliffs. It has a more robust growth and larger berry than our representative, reminding one forcibly of the habits of the cypress, and its trunk is sometimes of considerable dimensions. During strong sun its strong, resinous smell is most distinctive. A variety of the Corsican pine (*Pinus laricio pallasiana*), only met with on the shores of the Black Sea, also has its home on the peninsula, and the writer passed through an extremely fine wood, the trees being straight-stemmed and averaging a full 100 cubic feet of timber. The natural regeneration in this wood was quite remarkable, the seedlings in places presenting the appearance of a thickly sown nursery. During the time of my visit (late April) sea-birds were not numerous, with the exception of the lesser black back, which was everywhere in evidence; but one noted an occasional tern, evidently on migration, though, so far as I could determine, the herring-gull was quite absent from the coast. I was interested to see that here the kingfisher haunts the seashore, unlike, I think, its habit in Great Britain. On one occasion a flock of herons flying from the mountains emerged from the mist and, finding themselves close to the sea, wheeled around abruptly. Various species of warblers were in song, but the willow warbler I did not hear once, nor was the chiffchaff in evidence, though the redstart was numerous. A bird which was most conspicuous and fairly plentiful was the hoopoe, and during the voyage from Sebastopol to Odessa one of these birds followed the steamer for a time, having lost its bearings in a thick bank of fog near the coast. I believe, however, that many of the hoopoes now in the Crimea are on their way to their breeding haunts in Central Russia. A yellow wagtail also followed our steamer for some time on the Black Sea. It may be interesting to mention that I saw and heard a nightingale in full song in the strong sunshine of an early afternoon, though the popular belief is that these birds sing only during the evening and early morning hours. During the autumn months the Crimea is for a week or so the home of thousands of woodcock and quails. The birds halt awhile here before making the journey across the Black Sea into Asia Minor, and the quails on their arrival are so fat after their feasting on the corn-growing lands through which they have passed on their flight that they are quite unable to start on their overseas migration. The Crimea, being a fruit-growing rather than a corn-growing district, affords them the opportunity of ridding themselves of some of this superabundance of flesh; but great numbers are netted by the inhabitants during their stay, for they show remarkable tameness. Cormorants, too, are numerous in the autumn, but were absent at the time of my visit, and do not, I think, nest in the district. Of plants, one noted an abundance of both yellow and white primroses, while the wild pæony—a plant I saw for the first time—raised its red flower in sharp contrast to the green hillsides. Oak, ash and walnut were common, but the only trees large enough to be valuable from a commercial point of view were the specimens of *Pinus pallasiana* I mentioned earlier in this article. Mistletoe grows plentifully on the trees and ivy is not uncommon, though further North the climate is too rigorous for these plants. The highest hill of the peninsula, Ai Paitri by name, reaches an elevation of between

three and four thousand feet above the sea, and snow is said to remain throughout the summer in its corries. When the writer crossed it towards the end of April, deep wreaths were encountered, and an interesting point noted was that, while on the slopes

overlooking the Black Sea, *Pinus pallasiana* was the only pine met with. Directly the watershed was crossed the coniferous tribe was represented by *Pinus sylvestris*, the Scots pine of our islands.

SETON GORDON.

ACROSS NEWFOUNDLAND IN CANOES.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

CONSIDERING the short space of time required to get from England to Newfoundland and the comparatively small cost of the trip, it is surprising that more people from the old country do not annually visit this island

dominion in quest of sport. It is a land of rivers and lakes, all teeming with salmon, trout and ouananiche, all of which afford magnificent free fishing for a traveller in summer. Later on, the moorlands and open tundra swarm with willow ptarmigan, or caribou, whilst occasionally bears or foxes lend variety to the bag. Sport of many kinds is easy to get, and if indulged in during the fine weather months, a trip in Newfoundland is a pleasant picnic compared with those hardships which a wanderer has often to encounter in other Northern climes. For the man who likes to take matters easily, there are places here where he may step off the train and find himself right amidst good fishing or shooting grounds. But to the hardened veteran this form of sport scarcely appeals, and hence we find each year a number of more venturesome spirits who strike out into the less known districts situated in the interior of the island. Here the trout in most rivers are so numerous that it is positively monotonous to catch them, since nearly every cast with a fly, on a good pool, brings a rise from one of these unsophisticated fish. Thus we have seen nearly fifty trout landed by a single fisherman in less than two hours without the angler ever moving from one pool.

So much has already been written about the various forms of sport found in Newfoundland that very little remains to be said on the subject. But late in the past autumn the writer undertook a somewhat

venturesome trip across the island in company with a certain European Prince whose name is well known in sporting circles. This expedition was made by means of travelling in Peterborough canoes, and extended from a point on the south-west coast to another point on the south-east shores of the island. The actual route followed led for a considerable distance over a chain of lakes and rivers, which were in many places practically unknown to even those natives who accompanied the expedition.

The whole of Newfoundland is intersected by one vast chain of waterways, and hence in mild weather travelling in canoes is both easy and pleasant. So connected up with



MOVING CAMP.



YOUNG BULL CARIBOU.

each other are the countless rivers and lakes that at no point on this journey was it found necessary to portage the canoes more than a mile overland. So remarkably flat is the country that even when crossing the divide from which on either side rivers flow in opposite directions, it was only necessary to carry the canoes a distance of half-a-mile between two lakes, in each of which a different river had its source. The highest point on the island is barely 2,300ft., and a hill of this size can be seen many miles away on a clear day when gazing towards it across the low-lying surrounding country. If a traveller, therefore, be unprovided with any form of compass, providing that he is able to locate the exact position of any high peak, he can steer his course for many miles by the aid of such a landmark. Hence anyone gifted with the "bump of locality" need seldom fear losing their camp on the homeward journey after a day's hunting on a clear day. On the other hand, although this is a land of great open spaces, one patch of open tundra is so like another, and each stream or lake shore so closely resembles another, that the hunter may get more easily lost here in a fog or on a dark night than is the case in a country where he can identify various strange-shaped rocks or trees and other marks.

In many parts of Newfoundland the moorland scenery much resembles that which is encountered in Scotland. During the still small hours of early morning the chattering and crowing of numerous willow ptarmigan, ushering in the dawn, calls to mind more forcibly than ever pleasant memories of those days we have spent on the fells, or braes, of the British Isles. In a good season ptarmigan are so very plentiful on some Newfoundland moors that one or two guns can make quite a big bag during a day, and there is no doubt if portions of these lands were preserved, by killing down the foxes, etc., that a very large stock of birds could be raised. And if rendered somewhat wilder than they are at present, by means of the more frequent sight of men, these ptarmigan would give excellent sport, because they can and often do take long flights across the open moorland, twisting and turning, as they fly, just as the British grouse does when sailing down the wind. The chief trouble at present is

animal encountered, excepting possibly the musk ox. But in far northern lands there is some excuse for animals which have never seen a man. In Newfoundland, however, the roaming bands of caribou are constantly encountering human beings, and getting slaughtered each year by hundreds. Nevertheless, here they still remain, the stupidest and most unwary specimens of the deer tribe. In consequence, it seems almost wicked to shoot them, since little or no skill is required to stalk

the fact that these ptarmigan are too tame and will often continue running on the ground in front of men, the only sporting method to kill them then being with a small .22 rifle, and pick them off as they move from rock to rock. They are excellent birds to eat, and a few brace occasionally make a splendid addition to the pot. Geese and other forms of wildfowl are very numerous on the island during the breeding season and early autumn, so that the man who likes his shot-gun may find plenty to amuse him there.

Stupidity seems a marked characteristic of birds and animals alike throughout Newfoundland. The writer has always maintained that during his somewhat wide wanderings in Arctic regions a caribou is without doubt the most foolish



A COMMON METHOD OF SPYING FOR GAME.



HIS LAST FIGHT.

within a few yards of an animal. In fact, a caribou will often walk close up to a man sitting on the ground, merely out of curiosity to see what that strange object may be. Hence the only real sport to be found among caribou is to stalk them with a camera and see how good a picture one can get. Had the light been better during his recent trip the writer would thus have been enabled to get any number of good pictures of caribou. But owing to fogs and dull light, late in October and November, many photographs which would otherwise have been good were failures.

As an instance of the gross stupidity of caribou the following rather remarkable episode may be quoted. The writer had stalked a bull caribou which was lying in the open in company with a small band of cows and another bull. With the

first shot the larger bull was severely wounded and ran a short distance. The other bull, although the hunter was standing in full view of him at about forty yards' distance, on hearing the shot and seeing his neighbour in trouble, promptly charged the wounded animal and, striking him broadside on, lifted the poor brute clean off the ground, and as he fell proceeded to gore him savagely, finally leaving the unfortunate animal dead on the ground, with one horn broken off from the impact of his fall. By this time the writer was standing within twenty yards of the struggling animals and sorely tempted to put a bullet through the victor, who had taken such a mean advantage of an adversary that had doubtless beaten him in many a previous encounter, when they had met on equal terms. Nothing but the fact of this bull carrying a small head and also that a native was running forward with the camera, hoping we might photograph the scene, prevented this stupid animal from being laid low beside his dead companion.

In the spring and fall of each year vast herds of caribou travel to the north and south ends of Newfoundland. Formerly the hunter who wished to get heads or meat easily travelled along the railway which crosses the island, and camped at some spot where the deer crossed the line in thousands during their great trek. By this simple means many hundreds of caribou were shot each year. But by no possible stretch of imagination could such a form of hunting be called sport. Fortunately to-day the authorities have closed a certain section of the railway line, across which the animals chiefly pass, and shooting is prohibited in that area. Even now, however, it is easy to follow the great deer trails which run north and south, and thus strike the main route of migrating herds at other places. The writer has thus camped and watched from his tent door endless bands of caribou moving by day or night along these main trails,



A CAMP SCENE.

often fording rivers or swimming lakes, close to the camp or canoes, all bent on their great trek south as winter approaches.

It is worthy of note that the season of 1911 was a very poor one as regards the size of heads obtained by sportsmen in Newfoundland. This was probably owing to a late spring and summer, with a consequent scarcity of food for the caribou. To make matters worse for those who spent the last part of the season hunting,

many of the best bulls had shed one and in some cases both horns by the end of October. Even as early as October 25th several fine bulls had been seen which were deficient of an antler. Consequently the trophies which found their way back to England in the past season were mostly poor heads, and one well-known sportsman visited Newfoundland without even shooting a head, since he saw none worthy of his prowess.

In addition to the above-mentioned drawbacks, the winter of 1911 started very early in the island, and the writer and his companions experienced considerable difficulty and some hardships in making their way over many miles of frozen lakes and rivers. It is not altogether an unalloyed joy to step out of canoes into icy cold water, to break the ice with poles, axes, or one's feet, and then to travel all day long with clothes and boots solidly encrusted with ice. But after all, there is a portion of an old verse much used by old backwoodsmen in America which aptly meets the case:

"The man that's worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong,"

and perhaps our trophies hanging on the wall would not look so well, nor the tales which we tell of them would not sound so good, if we had braved no hardships to get them.

C. R. E. RADCLIFFE.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no great figure of the Victorian era more deserving of a biography than "the tribune of the people," and George Macaulay Trevelyan has discharged that duty with the ability and address that were to be expected from one of his name and lineage. *The Life of John Bright* (Constable) is well planned, clearly expressed and sympathetic. It will aid the historian to accord Bright his proper place in a period of stormy politics and enormous changes. Nor is the discussion of it likely to be vexed by biased judgment, since he began his political career as the leader of Radical revolt, and ended it as a rebel against Gladstone's dismembering Home Rule Bill. The subject of the story is an Englishman of the town and factory type. Tennyson exaggerated, but not more than was permissible, in "Maud":

This broad-brim'd hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence.

Yet we repeat he was an Englishman of whom all Englishmen may be proud. Like so many of his distinguished countrymen, he traced back to the land, coming of a stock of Wiltshire yeomen whose place of origin is still commemorated by two names—Bright's Farm and Bright's Orchard, near Lyneham. From the land the Quaker family shifted naturally during the reigns of William and Anne into the wool trade. They gradually moved from the remote rural locality to busier centres. During the Napoleonic wars they were in low circumstances,

but becoming connected with the work of two cotton spinners, Jacob, the father of John Bright, moved to Rochdale, where the latter was born. From the brief account of Jacob it is possible to form such a picture as a shadow portrait gives of a face. His rude forefathers of the hamlet transmitted to him a legacy of shrewdness, frugality and resolution. A certain hardness in the grain of him came from the factory. His piety, sense of duty and so on were handed down by generations of Friends. These qualities were reproduced in the son. In the latter, education produced important modifications. His biographer practically thanks God that John Bright was not put through the mill of a public school and university:

It is not cruel masters or short rations that crush originality of mind and character under our modern system of education, materially so perfect. It is the constant pressure of a stupid public opinion among the boys, moulding them all to one conventional standard.

The point has an importance extending beyond the immediate biography, and Mr. Trevelyan does well to elaborate it. We take a higher view than he of the merits of the public school, but it is incontestably a bad place for training boys to think for themselves:

He had not, like so many pupils of more fashionable places of education, unlearned the lessons of his home, and of his own nature—the independence of opinion, the quick response to the whisper of conscience, the aspirations after a higher life. He may have suffered more than he learnt from some of his masters, but at least he had not been taught, like most young Englishmen, to quail before the public opinion of his schoolfellows, or to put on the air of being ashamed of the things of the mind and heart. Like Wordsworth, he emerged

from these simple old country schools not moulded down to the pattern of gentility or of bourgeoisie, and he had therefore still the chance of growing into a great man.

For the rest Bright was a product of his time and surroundings. He was born a few years before Waterloo, and came to maturity when England, that, like a great wagon, had for centuries been moving softly along umbrageous lanes in a sleepy rural landscape, was turning to smoke-darkened streets. Bright's early hatred of monopoly, landlords, game laws and State churches was the instinctive animosity of the factory to the land. It was encouraged by his Quaker upbringing. For the Friend, who "thees" the peasant as well as his lord, is a democrat who recognises no social or titular distinctions. As far as Free Trade was concerned, he and Cobden had their enthusiasm hardened by the practical consideration that to secure cheapness of production it was necessary that the operations should be adequately and cheaply fed. "It is now the towns against the squires, and the squires will win," he prophesied in 1845. He stood for extension of the franchise, because he regarded that as the forging of a weapon for this warfare. His bitter denunciation of the Game Laws was in part the outcome of his genuine compassion for the poachers, who in those days were punished with a severity beyond the seriousness of their offence, and partly an outcome of his wish to make all the capital he could out of the abuses of landlordism.

His Quaker upbringing was the source of the peace-at-any-price that found most eloquent expression during the Crimean debates. Mr. Trevelyan claims that he was absolutely right; but without stopping to discuss so arguable a dogma, it may be pointed out that the best of his purple passages, including both the "Angel of Death" and "the Stormy Euxine," would have had an equal appeal whatever might have been the views of the speaker. They were poetic expressions of the most human compassion. It was a similar sentiment that made him urge Gladstone to give in tamely after Majuba. Yet impartial students hold that in all probability a sterner line of action would have saved the bloodshed that, put off for the moment, followed inevitably in the end. If, as is claimed, he was right about the American Civil War, he was wrong about Egypt. His influence reached its high-water mark during the Franchise Discussion of 1866-67. The *Saturday Review* in 1866 said "Mr. Bright governs though he does not reign. When at this critical point he declares his views on Reform, the Cabinet cannot avoid being to some extent guided by these views." The "Reviler" was, of course, getting in a characteristic sneer. It was a common saying of the Tory of the time that he "would walk twenty miles to see Bright hanged!" and the insinuation was to the same effect as that of saying the Asquith Administration is under the tyranny of an Irish leader.

But, right or wrong, John Bright was a man to be proud of. He was loyal. How fine was his rebuke to the too zealous. Mr. Trevelyan thus tells the story:

At the St. James's Hall Reform meeting, just a year before, a leading Radical had made an impertinent attack on the Queen because she had not come out of her Palace to smile on the Reform meeting in the Park hard by. Bright had risen and censured him before the audience, adding the following words: "Mr. ——— referred further to a supposed absorption of the sympathies of the Queen with her late husband to the exclusion of sympathy for and with the people. I am not accustomed to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns. But I could not sit and hear that observation without a sensation of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman—be she the Queen of a great realm, or the wife of one of your labouring men—who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

He was simple in his life and habit, truthful to a degree, and his own modest explanation of his eloquence was that he had acted on Milton's dictum: "Yet true eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth." In Bright's case it was set off by a matchless voice. He was undoubtedly the greatest orator of the nineteenth century.

MRS. GURNEY'S POEMS.

REVIEWED BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Poems by Dorothy Frances Gurney. (COUNTRY LIFE.)

IT is refreshing always to come across a genuine singer who is not afraid to sing simply of common things; and when that singer is possessed, as evidently Mrs. Gurney is, of a brave and wholesome view of life, the result may be more than merely refreshing: it may be inspiring. Hers is clearly the spontaneous lyrical utterance that sings because it must. There is often depth, but there is never obscurity in what she writes. It is as natural as the flow of a stream, rippling, pellucid, reflecting the homely yet precious flowers along the banks. You open this pretty book of rough-cut edges and attractive binding, and lo! you find yourself at once, and appropriately, in a garden, "God's Garden":

"The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world."

And the charm and peace of that garden accompany you throughout the little volume, soothing the heart as with the rustle of summer leaves:

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

In these days of so much pretentious, tortured verse, it is delightful to listen to a voice like this, sincere and unaffected, giving melodious and felicitous expression to the common moods that are familiar to us all. Her vision runs like a thread of light through all the day's events, touching each with beauty. Her gift, for all its modest humility, is no small one; you feel, moreover, the personality of the singer behind all she writes: one who is brave enough to find some light and colour even when the darkness seems most hopeless:

"Sometimes when I was near you
The tears would fill my eyes;
To see and feel and hear you
Linked pain to ecstasies.

Now you are gone the stress is
That I must play my part,
And smile while no one guesses
The tears that fill my heart."

Or in "Service":

"Oh! Love, I am too small to stand
Beside you as an equal soul,
And meet your gaze and touch your hand
And own a common path and goal.

But this at least is in my power,
To mark your passing day by day,
And here and there to plant a flower,
Or move perhaps a stone away."

Throughout the hundred pages of this book, including Songs for Music (that might well tempt a composer) and Sonnets, Triolets, Translations and Sacred Poems too, there runs the same simple, spontaneous utterance, whose natural flow hardly challenges criticism. It is genuine poetry of a high, sweet order, the sweeter, too, because it is unambitious; the higher, because the meaning is always clear as sunlight. It has, indeed, the sunny, sparkling quality of the woodland spring. Passion is touched, too, both earthly and divine; and though there is no attempt to thunder nor desire to amaze, there is a depth of suggestion in many of the poems that betray one who has felt or lived and suffered, yet never lost sight of joy:

"I have determined what to do
At morning and at evening too;
I will find out a song to sing—
Though it be but a little thing,
'Twill serve to hearten up my days,
To tune my pipe and give God praise!"

One can well imagine Mrs. Gurney's poems reaching thousands of readers, could they but be known, for it is a book to carry out with one into the woods, upon the hills, to read on a voyage or in the train, to dip into at night before sleep comes, or to open on a dull and weary day and catch its light and hope and beauty. It deserves to be known and loved:

"Down the woods at Godalming
All the ways are green;
Thrush and tit and blackbird sing
Down the woods at Godalming,
For where Love is wandering
And where Spring has been,
Down the woods at Godalming
All the ways are green."

AN ENTHUSIAST'S EDEN.

Modern Chile, (with illustrations and map), by W. H. Koebel. (G. Bell and Sons.)

THE author of many previous works on South America, Mr. Koebel now writes on modern Chile. Had we not read his adverse criticism of the Chilean hotels, we should have been tempted to believe that he set out with the determination to resolutely look on the bright side of things and shut his eyes to any objects unfavourable to this scheme which he might encounter. At times the writing is almost laboured. We can imagine the perspiring author, suffocated beneath his own flowery descriptions, tightly shutting his eyes and saying: "I won't see it! I won't see it!" The hotels proved too much for him, and he succumbed after a gallant effort. He constantly palliates his own criticisms in an attempt to leave an absolutely neutral background, on which a new-comer might develop his own impressions. To tell the truth, Mr. Koebel's descriptions are a little overpowering, and if modern Chile is the Garden of Eden he depicts, we can only wonder that the surplus population of these islands does not migrate there *en masse*. Perhaps they will after reading his book. The most interesting part of the book is Chapter XXI., in which he describes the nitrate wealth of Chile. A very clear description is given of the great caliche beds, their marine origin and the methods employed in working them. "It is safe to say that no fertiliser produces results equal to those obtained by the application of nitrate of soda, for no other form of manure supplies an equal quantity of nitrogen in assimilable form to growing plants." The last two chapters deal with the aboriginal tribes of Chile and the Spanish Conquests. These again are most interesting. An earlier chapter gives some facts with regard to railways, and it would appear that the Transandine Company and the Chilean State Railway would benefit travellers by a little mutual co-operation. The Andes dominate Chile, as, in a sense, they dominate the present volume. "The Cattle of the Andes" is good, and the author discusses the question as to whether the United States will ultimately acquire the entire control of the South American beef market. Incidentally, the Chileans seem annoyed at citizens of the United States claiming the monopoly of the word "American." Those who intend visiting Chile would gain much information from Mr. Koebel's book, though whether they will endorse his opinions is a matter they must decide on the spot.

THE DIARY OF A BOER GIRL DURING THE WAR.

The Petticoat Commando, by Johanna Brandt. (Mills and Boon.)

ELEVEN years after the heat and bitterness of battle, an English public may be trusted to read, at least with keen interest and a thrill for brave deeds done, *The Petticoat Commando*, by Mrs. Johanna Brandt, which gives some account of the Secret Service of the Boers during the Boer War, and of the heroism displayed by both men and women. If anything, Mrs. Brandt has been a little too conciliatory, a little too tender of English feeling. No reasonable patriot can fall foul of patriotism in others, no reasonable person desire to hear only one side of a question. Mrs. Brandt, although she keeps herself so modestly in the background, was evidently in the closest touch with the persons and events dealt with in her book, and is therefore, by circumstance as well as birth, excellently equipped for describing these from the Boer point of view. But that is not the task that she sets herself. "This book," she writes, "must be a calm, dispassionate review of the past," and that, with all honour to Mrs. Brandt's scrupulous fairness and moderation of tone, is an end not to be achieved, even after eleven years, either by Boer or Briton. The facts recorded are taken from the diary of a young Boer girl, written during the war and under constant stress of suspense and peril, and even beneath the toning-down that the diary has undergone one feels the throb of patriotic ardour, of vital passion; feels it—as why should one not?—with respect and understanding. Now and then Mrs. Brandt herself cries out against her self-imposed restrictions: "Hansie's diary with all the bitterness left out; Hansie's diary without its sighs and tears, its ever-changing moods and deep emotions; Hansie's diary, shorn of all that makes it human, natural and real. . . ." And the puzzled questions rise to the reader's lips: "But why?" Love of country, sacrifice, generosity, courage—these are qualities not the less admirable because they occur in one of alien birth, and Mrs. Brandt might perhaps have trusted her English readers to appreciate them in a form rather closer to the original. Nevertheless, the book tells enough to reveal Hansie and her mother as very lovable people. It

would be a prejudiced reader indeed who could lay this book down without a feeling of sympathy, a tribute of admiration for brave fighters in a long, losing battle.

STRANGE COMPANIONSHIPS IN NATURE.

Messmates, a book of Strange Companionships, by Edward Step, F.L.S. (Hutchinson.)

IN this book the author has placed on record the many strange companionships which occur in Nature and of which the average person has little or no knowledge. Some of the examples quoted read more like extracts from a story of some unknown world than actual facts, and herein lies no little charm and interest. In the opening chapter the author rightly leads us on with particulars, written in simple language, of the symbiosis of the lower forms of plant life; then on through the lichens, where a fungus and a green plant live together in harmony and where both derive benefit from the association, to the bacterial nodules on the roots of clover, beans, peas and other members of the legume family, the inhabitants of which extract nitrogen from the air for the benefit of their host plants. In Chapter II. we get details of the association of the crocodile and the Egyptian plover, the latter picking leeches and other parasites from the mouth of the crocodile, thereby adding to the latter's comfort. Succeeding chapters lead us on through many weird associations of sea life, such as pilot fishes and sharks, and sea cucumbers and a fish named fiefasper. Further on in the book the scavenging characteristics of the volacella fly are set before us. This fly is allowed by wasps to roam about their nests at will, apparently on account of the valuable services that it renders the wasp community by clearing the comb of dead grubs and excrement. Plant and insect associations and the ant as a host are but a few of many other interesting particulars that are lucidly and pleasantly set forth in this book. As the author points out, it is difficult in some instances to see what benefit either messmate derives from the association; in others the advantage is decidedly one-sided, while in many the living in harmony is for mutual benefit. The volume is suitable either for library or field use.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME REFLECTIONS FROM ST. ANDREWS.

DATES, which are always exceedingly inconsiderate things, make it impossible for me to describe the Championship, which is doubtless drawing to some exciting end or other on the day when these notes are printed. But if it is impossible to say anything about the players, at any rate, the course over which they play has given people plenty to talk about. On the whole it seems to me that more unkind things have been said about the St. Andrews course than it deserves. Perhaps that is because I came to it as a comparative stranger, and, as the course is at present, I believe that this is rather an advantage than otherwise, and local knowledge a dangerous thing.

That is really one of the interesting things about this Championship, that it is being played on virtually a new St. Andrews, and one which is not *sui generis* but, comparatively speaking, an ordinary course. The golfer who comes from Southern inland greens can play his cut and dried game in a thoroughly irreverent spirit and play

it quite successfully. Under more usual conditions it is not enough for the stranger to be master of the running shot; he must also learn the different runs of the ground, how much the ball will fall away from this or that pinnacle, how such and

such a little valley may best be subdued or circumvented. While he is practising for this Amateur Championship, however, he need not care for any of these things. If he was a reasonably good pitcher he could imagine himself in some agreeable garden suburb, tossing his ball up to the net on a nice flat, soft green. Thus he got along reasonably well, while perhaps his adversary, a wise man steeped in the lore of St. Andrews, was tearing his hair because the ball declined to climb up a too grassy bank and long putts stopped half-way to the hole on slow and velvety greens.

Perhaps I may give one or two examples to show how, up till now—I will not answer for what a few days' sun and wind may do—the links have differed from the St. Andrews that most people know. I have seen plenty of balls pitched right up on to that tiny, narrow, little plateau green at the twelfth hole



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

and stick there. The same thing is true of the heathery hole, where, indeed, the running-up shot has been practically impossible because there has been water in the grip before the green. Again, I have seen a good many balls pitched right up to, and actually pass by, the eleventh hole—I have, I admit, seen more pitched right into "strath"—and never a one of them sped over the now grassy hill into the Eden. Altogether the golf has been rather a curious game; but, as far as I can see, very far from an unskilful or interesting one.

The water in the bunkers is, needless to say, wholly to be deplored. It would be so on any links, but it is pre-eminently so at St. Andrews, where a genuine master of the niblick has magnificent opportunities of showing his skill. As it is now, the greatest niblick-engro, if one may coin a Romany word, cannot hope to dislodge a non-floating ball from the bottom of a pond, so that his skill is largely neutralised. A patriotic son of St. Andrews pointed out to me that one of the most celebrated of all championship shots was the one that Mr. F. G. Tait played out of water in the Alps bunker at Prestwick. "Why," he said, "should Prestwick be famous and St. Andrews be in a fair way to become infamous for one and the same reason?" His patriotism was so genuine and the reasoning so ingenious that I omitted to point out that Mr. Tait played his shot with a gutty ball and that the gutty floated. Furthermore, as far as I can remember, the Alps was the only water-logged bunker on the course on that occasion, and not one of many.

These watery graves have emphasised one of the first duties of man in playing at St. Andrews, namely, that of giving the bunkers a wide berth. One may quote again, with a new appropriateness, the remark of Willy Smith of Mexico at the Open Championship of 1910, that it does not pay to "tease" the St. Andrews bunkers. All the way out, with the breeze blowing, as it often does, freshly from left to right, there is a great temptation to let the ball swing a little with the wind, both in order to get additional length and also to avoid the kicks and stops and darts from the banks and braes on the left-hand side. It is always a temptation of the evil one, and not to be yielded to; with all those right-hand bunkers brimful of water, it is more than ever fatal. Any sort of unkind kick and almost any bad lie among the hills—and there are some very bad lies indeed—is preferable to that solid, irretrievable stroke that has to be lost in picking the ball, in an irritating and humiliating manner out of the water. A large measure of discretion must also be exercised on the way home; but the hooker must now restrain himself even as the slicer did on the way out; but the danger is not quite so great or so persistent and the bunkers, on the whole, are dryer.

I feel inclined to add one possibly irrelevant remark about the links, the more so as I find my own hazy recollections confirmed by those who ought to know. Some years ago at St. Andrews there was always a prodigiously long wait on the eighth tee; many couples were held up here, and the vendors

of ginger beer did a great business. Now it is quite exceptional, even on a crowded day, to find anyone waiting here; the long wait seems to come rather at the eleventh tee and, in a lesser degree, at the tee to the Hole-o'-Cross, the thirteenth. This change must presumably be owing to the rubber-cored ball, which has so greatly altered the lengths of the holes. One explanation given to me was that the Hole-o'-Cross had much to do with it. Now you may drive to the foot of the hill, and so home, very often with a small iron shot. Once upon a time five was the decent and gentlemanly figure for the hole, and the green was generally approached in three instalments rather than two. Hence the additional waiting at this hole. I do not know if this be the right explanation, but the problem is rather an interesting one.

B. D.

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

The subject of our sketch this week, Sir Gilbert Parker, is one of the great army of men who find the game of golf a great relaxation amid the claims of busy life. Sir Gilbert is a member of many of the best-known courses near London, and may frequently be seen enjoying a game away from the strenuous life at the House of Commons, where he is a prominent figure. He was born in Canada fifty years ago, though to look at him one would doubt this, as he preserves a much younger appearance. He has taken up politics actively and seriously, but the many admirers of his fascinating romances hope that politics will not absorb the whole of his time, and that we may yet have many more of those delightful novels of his in which he has portrayed French-Canadian life so interestingly and so graphically. Sir Gilbert Parker sits in Parliament in the Unionist interest for Gravesend, and his large majority shows the system in which he is held.

MR. ABE MITCHELL AND THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

I do not know yet, at the moment of writing, what the fortunes are likely to be in the Amateur Championship of Mr. Abe Mitchell, but I do know that I am exceedingly glad for the reputation of that competition, and especially of its winner, that his entry was not refused, as it had been suggested in some quarters that it should be. On what grounds?—that he had expressed an intention of becoming a professional later! As if such brittle things as "intentions" were to be relied on as sufficient reason for legislation. I believe (though it has nothing to do with the case) that he is even now undecided as to how to mould his future. After all, whose future is a settled affair? But as for this championship, how would its winner be feeling if one of the best players had been ruled out on grounds that were obviously unsound? Not very satisfied, I can believe, with his victory. I am strong against anything in the nature of "semi-professionalism," from which golf is still more free than almost any other game; but I am very dead against shutting out from the amateur competitions any man whose slate is clean. I remember well, at the time of that preliminary contest for the Amateur Championship—actual championship in all but name and official recognition, in which Mr. Macfie gave me a very sound hammering in the final at Hoylake—Douglas Rolland sent in his name. I was all for letting him play, and, being on the management committee, felt so strongly about it that I resigned when I saw the vote on the point going against me. I did not wish to be of a body which ruled out (on grounds that, all things being considered, did not seem to me adequate at that time, though they would be so now, with our present definition) of a competition which I thought I had a distinct prospect of winning, one of the most formidable rivals. This is egotistic talk perhaps, but I believe nearly every golfer would take the same view.

H. G. H.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

SUBSOILING AND DRAINING BY MEANS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

A SHORT time ago the writer was present at some very interesting experiments conducted by Messrs. Nobel of Glasgow upon Mr. Wilkes' farm at Elmdon, near Saffron Walden. The land in the neighbourhood consists of a top soil, about nine inches deep, which contains much clay and appears to be somewhat acid, in spite of the presence of abundant nodules of chalk and limestone which have worked up from the lower strata. The subsoil was of a dense, clayey, impervious nature, which rested upon chalk; the depth to the chalk is about three feet. The chalk is very pervious, but the undrained land was waterlogged through the formation of a hard, dense, clayey pan just above the free surface of the chalk, which prevented the surface water percolating through to the chalk. The problem was not so much the usual one of subsoiling, of aerating the land and disintegrating it sufficiently to allow the crop roots to penetrate to a sufficient depth, but was rather one of drainage. The depth of the pan made its treatment quite beyond the scope of the ordinary subsoil plough or of a grubber. Further, the weather would have made ploughing out of the question, as the land was sodden, and there was even a certain amount of surface water present. The method of treatment was as follows: Holes were made in rows, three feet deep and six feet apart; the rows also were six feet apart. The depth of the hole was calculated to place the charge just in the layer of "hard pan" which needed disintegrating. Into each of the holes a blasting cartridge was dropped, then the wooden rod was slid down, and a "primer"

cartridge, fitted with safety fuse and detonator, was slipped down beside the other cartridge. The hole was then carefully tamped with sand; about a shovelful of sand was sufficient. The preparation of the cartridges, and of the "primer" cartridge in particular, was very interesting. The explosive has to be used warm, as if it is allowed to become frozen, and "freezing" takes place several degrees above the freezing point of water, the nitro-glycerine crystallises and the cartridges become dangerous to handle. As the weather was cold at the time, the cartridges were put into a water-tight tin box the night before, which was placed in a heap of fresh manure. When they were taken out in the morning they were at a temperature rather below blood heat, and in excellent condition. They were taken out to the field in the special warming-pan which Messrs. Nobel have devised. The cartridges are covered with waterproof paper. The paper at the end of the "primer" cartridge is unfolded, and a hole is made in the explosive with a blunt-ended wooden peg; into this hole the detonator is inserted after the fuse has been fitted to it. This last operation is equally simple; the detonator is taken out of its box and the sawdust carefully shaken out, the freshly-cut fuse is then gently inserted, so that it touches the charge, and the open end of the copper detonator case is nipped round the fuse; the detonator is then inserted into the cartridge, care being taken that the fuse does not actually touch the explosive, as dynamite will often burn without exploding, if set alight. Usually the paper is tied round the detonator to hold the cartridge in place, but on this particular occasion the extra time required could be saved, as this last precaution was unnecessary, because there was little chance of the detonator

slipping out while the cartridge was being lowered into the hole. After all the charges had been placed, some half-dozen men went forward and lit the fuses; when all were burning, everyone retreated about fifty yards, which, we were told, was a safe distance with the 30z. charge that was used.

In about three minutes from the lighting of the fuses the charges began to be fired. Very little more than the tamping and an odd lump of earth or so was shot up into the air. The explosions were counted, and when every charge was found to have been detonated, and a few extra minutes had been given as an extra precaution, we walked forward to see the effect. The surface soil was in its place, so there was no need for anxiety lest the land should have been spoiled by the subsoil being mixed up with the surface soil; but

on looking down each of the holes one could see that the subsoil and the hard-beaten clay pan, which was now visible, was fissured and broken in all directions. Indeed, the strength of the charges and the distances apart had been so nicely calculated for this particular land, that one could see that the fissures extended underground from one hole to the next, although the surface itself was little fissured.

As dynamite has the peculiar property of striking downwards when it explodes, there could be no doubt that the layer over the chalk and the chalk itself would be thoroughly disintegrated, and so the land would be efficiently drained. To decide whether the effect is permanent or not, time would be required, but Messrs. Nobel's expert assured the writer that in the test cases which had been tried, the good results lasted for very many years. W. H. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STOPHAM BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A terrible rumour is abroad. It is whispered in West Sussex, in the valleys of the Arun and the Rother, that the most beautiful and impressive bridge in the South of England is to be bedevilled in order that a straighter and wider road may be at the disposal of motorists. This must not be. Too much already is done for the facility of motorists, and to alter Stopham Bridge, which has been sufficient for the safe transport of every kind of vehicle over the Rother for centuries, in order that chauffeurs need not go warily across it, is an outrage both to beauty and common sense. Common sense demands that, so far from decreasing the number of obstacles to carelessness and high speed, they should be increased. Caution and forethought, since they are not there instinctively, should be got artificially into these mechanics, and the presence of a few winding, narrow bridges will help. That Stopham Bridge, with its approaches, does wind there is, happily, no question. From a balloon it must look like a huge serpent with reticulated sides, and being at its north end at the foot of a steep hill, these convolutions are the more perilous, while the south end has a screen of trees which in summer effectually hide an approaching vehicle. Everything

therefore, as it is, enforces on the driver of a car a modest pace and perfect control of his machinery, whether he crosses the bridge from the north or from the south; and what is needed is not the architect and the mason, but merely a few Automobile Club noticeboards; or so anyone with a feeling for antiquity and beauty would say. But those motorists, of course, who would have England cut into straight roads—winding routes being by them lumped in with all the other vexations of life, such as pedestrians, heavy wagons, cattle, sheep, ten-mile limits, police traps and school warnings—think only of high speeds and clear vistas, and would set to rebuilding, demolishing and modernising to-morrow if they had their unlovely, materialistic way. Not only should common sense interfere with this vandalism, but, as I have said, the lover of beauty too. Stopham Bridge is indescribable. It has the beauty not only of form, but of gravity: a venerable grey in a world of green. Whichever way you come on it, it is a surprise, for you are there suddenly. From the road no distant prospect is possible, and since the river is navigable only by small rowing boats, few persons see the bridge from the water. From the green banks on the east side, the bridge is more like a castle or a fortress; it rises so massive and commanding. It is long enough for twenty traction engines at once, nor would they shake it. The old builders thoughtfully provided no fewer than seventeen sheltering recesses—nine on one side and eight on the other—in which the wayfarer might find a haven from traffic. On the east side these recesses are pointed, on the west they are pointed, and the other six are bays. They add enormously to the charm and individuality of the bridge. I have seen no worthy picture of Stopham Bridge, and the hand who would have best delineated it—that hand which painted the Pont de Nantes in the Durand Collection at the Louvre—is stilled for ever. It is a shade more sombre perhaps than Corot would have liked: the stone of Stopham asks nothing from the sun and gives

nothing in return; but its arches and buttresses would have stirred his blood, and in the surrounding trees he would have rejoiced. To-day there is one painter who should find Stopham Bridge peculiarly to his mind and gifts, and that is Mr. Livens. From every point Stopham Bridge is magnificent and noble, and to touch a stone of it would be sacrilege.—E. V. LUCAS.

OLD BAKING OVENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest a letter in a recent issue of your paper on the subject of the old-fashioned wood oven for baking bread, but I must differ with the writer on the point of it being a disappearing thing, or rather I would say that I know as a fact that in this neighbourhood (South Shropshire) there are a great number left. Around here every house has its wood oven, all the cottages are provided with them, and in most cases the inhabitants would not have the least difficulty in getting any quantity of wood to heat them with; but, despite Mr. Lloyd George's statements to the contrary, times are good for the working man and his wife, and the latter does not care about using "them messy ovens," so she gives a penny a loaf more for an inferior article

in preference to baking at home, on the same principle that most of them burn coal (though in most instances wood may be had for the asking)—"it saves trouble!" But the ovens are there, and most of the women in the cottages round this district can, when they like, bake a good batch of bread, with stone-ground flour, too, if they wish it, as there is an old mill in the neighbourhood.—FRANCES PITT.

ROOKERIES IN YORKSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to the letter from Mr. R. Fortune which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, May 17th, my experience is that if a certain number of young rooks are shot every year the rookery increases rather than diminishes. The reason for this is that at pairing-time the remaining young rooks have to go further afield to find mates, thus introducing fresh blood into the rookery.—S. A. GURNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. R. Fortune's articles on "Rookeries in Yorkshire" were most interesting in *COUNTRY LIFE*, May 10th and 17th, the photographs of the rookeries, being beautifully done, putting me in mind of some that were near my own home when I was young. These were on very high pines. When the building time was near, the noise was deafening, but as they were a good way from the house, it did not matter. The young people were very anxious for the rooks to come and build in our trees, and for three summers one built; but directly the old birds found out the nest they came and pulled it to pieces. The third year they managed to hide it, and had just got their eggs, and we hoped nothing would be done, when a troop came and pulled the nest to pieces and broke the eggs. After that no young bird dared to come, and I suppose that is why so few rookeries are seen. Now, I believe, rooks are leaving the country, or at least not coming from abroad to fill the places of those lost. In



THE WINDING BRIDGE OF STOPHAM.

Gloucestershire it was thought by the labouring people that rooks would always leave and go somewhere else unless a certain number were shot every year, and that has been done at the rookery near here, but not so much as was done in olden times, and the people are complaining. The rooks are getting scarce, and certainly they are not covering the fields as they used to do. I thought it might be that they did not like the chemicals used in the manure now; it must make a great difference in the food, and more for them than for our insect-eating birds. I will not have it used over my roses or in the garden, as it stops the birds coming to take their right food, so that the gardeners are complaining that they do not know what to do. It would be very interesting to see if this is the case with the rooks; and whether the starlings, also, still fly with them as they did years ago. We have plenty of starlings, and interesting little fellows they are; it used to be wonderful to see the numbers who flew to the woods when night came on. A few years ago a pair of ringdoves of the large wild kind built in a large tree near by, and were surprised to find that year after year we only had the one pair; so we watched to see what happened. When old enough they took the two young birds for a flying lesson, taking them round and round till they were so tired that they fell down into a wood where they were, and then the cruel father and mother came back to their tree as fast as possible. This must have been done year after year. I wonder if anyone has seen the same thing happen.—Q. ISABELLA DOBELL.

THORSBILL BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Great antiquarian interest was centred in the moss-covered, historical and quaint old structure spanning the mouth of Thorsbill Beck, which, with its lovely surroundings and more especially its nearness to the ancient monastery, is ever dear to the archaeologist. Owing to the action of the Society for the



AN OLD PACK-HORSE BRIDGE.

Protection of Ancient Buildings, this picturesque old pack-horse bridge was recently saved from destruction.—W.

CUCKOO EATING WORMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My nephew, who is a farmer and naturalist, has frequently seen cuckoos hunting for and eating such things as wireworms on a ploughed field.—HATTERSLEY.

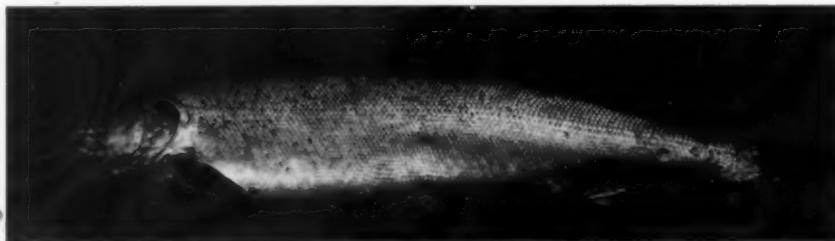
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read your correspondent's letter with much interest in this week's COUNTRY LIFE, as, curiously enough, yesterday afternoon, at 6 p.m., I was looking out of my window and saw a cuckoo fly low down across the lawn and settle in a low branch of an oak tree. I was then astonished to see it fly down on the grass not fifteen yards from the house and pull up a worm and eat it. I was called away then, and did not have the opportunity to watch further. I am quite certain, however, that I have never seen a cuckoo do this before, although I have lived all my life in the country. Of course, young cuckoos will eat worms, and large ones, with avidity, as I have fed them often with these in their nests.—SYDNEY MORRIS.

LARGE SALMON CAUGHT IN THE TYNE AT WIDEHAUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. S. B. Rea of Cullercoats, Northumberland, while fishing in the Tyne on Monday, May 19th, caught a magnificent salmon (weight, 35lb.; length, 45in.; girth, 23½in.) with fly (Thunder and Lightning, medium size) on a W. R. Pape greenheart rod and tackle. A fish of this size to be caught with fly, and at this time of year, is most unusual. Mr. Rea, after a most exciting struggle, was successful—with the help of Mr. Alfred Chaytor of London, who gaffed the fish for him—in bringing this fine specimen to bank.—R. W.



A THIRTY-FIVE-POUNDER TYNE SALMON.

BED-WAGGONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The warming waggon in the Hastings museum which was illustrated in your always attractive Correspondence Columns on May 17th has a fellow in



A SIMPLE BED-WARMING WAGGON.

the delightful Village Museum at West Hoathly, and I send a photograph of it. It is much less elaborate in construction than the Hastings example. It would be interesting to know if the North of England indulged in these practical machines as much as Sussex did. Anyone motoring through West Hoathly, near East Grinstead, should not fail to see the little museum. The collection of local treasures is ideally housed, thanks to Mr. Edwin King, in a little medieval priest's house, built of half-timber, which I suggest might be illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE.—G. A.

[The Priest's House and the later Manor House at West Hoathly have been photographed, and will appear in the "Lesser Country House" series.—Ed.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for May 17th the account of the warming waggon in the Hastings Museum, I thought some of your readers would be interested to learn that similar waggons are still in use in Italy. About four years ago I was staying in an Italian hotel on the Lake of Orta, Italy, and every night I had one of the waggons put in to warm my bed. It was heated with charcoal, and the maid called it "Il Prete" (the priest).—E. A. WOOD.

FOUR-HORNED PIEBALD SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article on piebald sheep and four-horned rams in your last number sent me to some old authorities on the subject in search of the origin of the breed. I found, however, little or nothing worth citing, unless it be two passages in Topsell's quaint "Historie of Fourfooted Beasts" (1607), who writes at large "Of the Sheepe," and refers to most of the ancient authors. At page 599 he says: "In Gortynis their sheep are red and have foure horns." Gortyna was a town in Crete. At page 602 he says: "And again the Rams of England have greater horns then any other Rams in the worlde, and sometimes they have foure or six horns on their head, as hath bin often scene."—J. R.

AS BLIND AS A BAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The old adage, "as blind as a bat," hardly seems to be true, as for the last two brilliant mornings I have watched one of these little winged animals hawking about for flies, just as a swallow does, finally alighting on a barn roof and finding his way into his hole with unerring precision.—M. R. STREET.

TREE-CREEPER'S STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send this account of a tree-creeper's strange nesting-place in the hope that it may be of some interest. In a withy-bed on the banks of the Wylye in Wiltshire there is a rough lean-to boat-shed. The roof is of corrugated iron fastened, on the land side, to a strip of match-boarding. Inside the match-boarding two narrow beams run from end to end of the shed, with a space between them of about two and a-half inches. The creeper has built her nest between these two beams, using the lower as a shelf. The nesting-material, which consists chiefly of stalks of ivy and dead ivy leaves, is spread over a distance, horizontally, of fully three feet, quite filling up the space between the beams. The bird enters the nest from outside in the opening between the corrugated iron roof and the match-boarding. Tree-creeper's have built in this place for years past, and the old boat, which hangs below, is littered with the debris of old nests.—J. R. H.

AN ANCIENT RED-DEER HEAD FROM CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed sketch of a head may be of interest, for though of not unusual length, it is seldom that antlers of this description are successfully excavated in so perfect a state of preservation. These horns are perfect with the exception of the left brow-point, which has, unfortunately, been broken off below the tip, and the left bay, which is missing. The tops are very fine, as is also the right brow. The length is good, but the span is narrow. They were dug up between forty and fifty years ago, in Achvarasdal, Caithness. A flock of sheep had been



DUG OUT OF A MARLPIT NEAR ACHVARASDAL.

The head passed into the possession of the late Sir Robert Sinclair. Lady Sinclair subsequently gave it to Mr. Thomas Pilkington of Landside, who very kindly allowed me to sketch it. The Jaels from Orkney used to hunt red deer in Caithness about the twelfth century, and in endeavouring to escape his human pursuers, or perhaps a pack of wolves, the probability is that the fine beast blundered into a swamp and was engulfed. Unfortunately, the

lost in a quagmire, which led to its being drained, when the horns were discovered in deep peat above marl. The man who found them thought at first he had come on the roots or branches of some old tree, such as are very common in Caithness. Soon seeing that his discovery was composed of horns and bones, he dug carefully, and eventually laid bare the complete standing skeleton of a very large stag. He propped it up and called another man to come and look at it, when, just as the latter arrived, it toppled over.

day after it had eaten a big herring whole, about one and a-half hours after a strange dog came into the garden and frightened it, and it at once vomited up the herring. At first sight it looked just the same as when swallowed, but on examining it I found the flesh all fell away from the bones.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING SHRUB.

TO THE EDITOR, SIR,—I enclose photograph of a beautiful flowering shrub—*Eucryphia pinnatifolia*—which you may find interesting. Though usually described in catalogues as “tender,” this specimen thrives in Colonel Douglas Pitkerro in Forfarshire, with no protection whatever. The flowers, which appear there in August, are a beautiful silvery white, nearly three inches across, with tufts of deep red fringe in the centre. It is slow to establish itself. The shrub in question did not flower till the sixth year after planting. It is here shown in its third year of flowering.—CHARLES F. NOEL.



EUCRYPHIA PINNATIFOLIA.



THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK.

skeleton was not preserved. Appended are measurements of the head: MEASUREMENTS OF STAG'S HORNS DUG OUT OF MARL PIT NEAR ACHVARASDAL.

	Length.	Brook points.	Bay points.	Tray points.	Tops.			Girth between brow and bay.
Right ..	46	19½	11½	13	15½, 10, 7½, 4½		5½	
Left ..	42½	13	broken	11	14, 11, 11, 6, 3, 2		6½	
		broken						
	Girth between bay and top.	Points.	Span over top.	Tip to tip.	Span inside.	Span outside.	Widest span over all.	
Right ..	5½	8	13	18½	31½	34½	37½	
Left ..	6½	9	19½					

—FRANK WALLACE.

—FRANK WALLACE.

BREAKFAST!

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a three year old big black back gull having its breakfast off a very large mackerel. I thought it might interest your readers to see what a large fish these birds are capable of swallowing. This one was swallowed whole, going down head first. If anything alarms these birds, they will bring up their food again. One

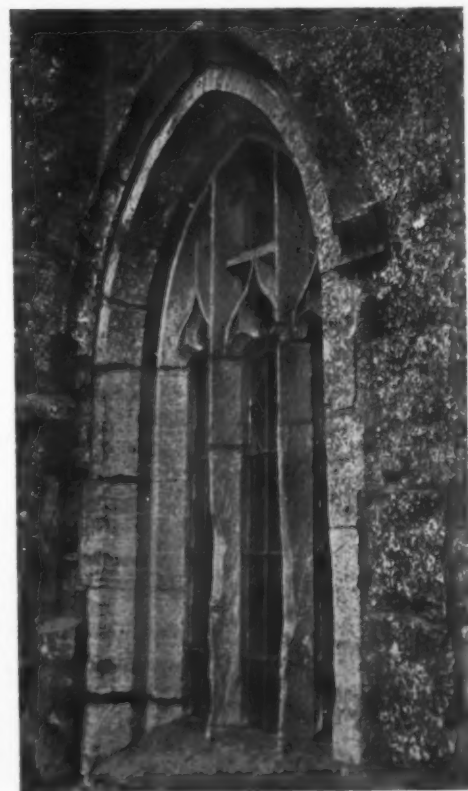


A BOUNTIFUL REPAST.

the right of the picture. It is about forty miles away.—CARA BUXTON, F.R.G.S.

TO BRING GOOD LUCK.

TO THE EDITOR, SIR,—The accompanying print of the window lighting the south side of Oxhill Church, Warwickshire, is interesting as clearly showing the indentations in the stonework due—as antiquarians believe—to the custom of the English archers of the days of Crecy and Poitiers, who held that it would bring good luck to their arrows if sharpened on a chancel window.—(Rev.) F. W. COBB.



INDENTATIONS WHERE THE ARROWS HAVE BEEN SHARPENED.

THE OLD OAKS AT WICKHAM COMMON.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I am sending some photographs of the wonderful oaks at Wickham Common, near Bromley in Kent, to which you referred in a Country Note last week. As a child my parents took me yearly—that was fifty years ago—to picnic under these wonderful trees, but since then the slope on which they stand has been much spoilt and many of the trees have fallen. Perhaps other correspondents could send you similar photographs. Such wonderfully interesting objects as these ancient trees are well worth some permanent record before their ruin or disappearance. The nearest station is Hayes, but it is a pretty walk of about three miles from Bromley to the oaks.—A. G. VON GLEHN.



*"And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties, that were born*

*In teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn."*

owner attributes the damp to salt or lime in the stone.—S. R.

[As the house is old, the trouble may be due to the lack of a damp course, and in that case the application of any waterproofing liquid or of paint is not likely to help much. It may palliate the evil for a time. If, however, the damp does not rise, but comes horizontally through the wall, the external application of one of the waterproofing liquids based on sodium silicate or simple painting should go far to remove the trouble. The general belief that damp walls are unhealthy seems well founded and reasonable.—Ed.]

VESPA GERMANICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What are the enclosed? They have a deeper-toned "buzz" than the ordinary wasp. We killed about thirty or forty of them last autumn, and



*"And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn."*

nearly a dozen this spring. Where should we look for their nest? None of us have been stung by one yet; but we would sooner have their room than their company.—S. DUGDALE.

[The wasps enclosed were of the species known as *Vespa germanica*, and are quite common. They build an underground nest of vegetable fibre and of a grey colour. *Vespa germanica* closely resembles the common wasp, but may be distinguished by the fact that the yellow stripe running along the back from the eye to the wing on each side has a more or less rounded lower border, and in that the vertical black bar which runs down the yellow plate between the eyes and below the bases of the antennæ is flanked by two black spots. Very

often this vertical bar is itself reduced to a spot; but in the common wasp the flanking spots are never present.—Ed.]

DAMP COMING THROUGH STONE WALLS.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you or one of your readers could tell me what to do for stone walls that ooze out moisture all the time. I know an old house in the Cotswolds in which many of the wall-papers are discoloured by damp. Every sort of remedy has been tried, without success. Do you think painting them would be any good? I should also be glad to know whether it is unhealthy to live in a house in which the walls are like those described. The

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ASPARAGUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has struck me that the reason why asparagus is green and, as a rule, weak and small in England is owing to the manner in which it is cultivated. Comparing the French with the English asparagus, there is no doubt that the former is more robust (if I may so express it) and whiter. The French build up the asparagus heads as they come through the ground, thus ensuring their whiteness. I should be glad to know if the English system of asparagus-growing is the same as in France and if I must look for another reason for the green asparagus of English cultivation.—FRANCES KEYZER.



*"Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,
And overlook the chase."*

